

THE LIVING AGE.

No. 1042.—21 May, 1864.

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BANK NOTES vs. "GREENBACKS."

NOTHING in this war has more surprised us than the patriotic, self-denying zeal with which the State Banks have come forward to aid the Government.

Convinced that they are willing to go still farther, even to a voluntary *withdrawal of all Bank Notes*, so as to leave the field entirely open to the Government for the circulation of "*Greenbacks*"—we beg leave to repeat in this public way, a suggestion (originally coming from some of themselves),—that a Convention of the Banks of all the loyal States should be held in the City of New York, to make an offer to Congress of this "self-denying" ordinance, in order to give to the Country a pure and uniform Currency, independent of all Corporations.

No motives of selfishness or of opposition to the Government could be alleged against such an exalted proof of patriotism.

Will not New York lead off in this matter?

BINDING.—Immediately after each Volume of *The Living Age* is completed, we bind a number of copies, to be exchanged at once for the Nos. if in good order; price of binding, sixty-five cents a volume. Where the Nos. are *not* in good order, we will have them bound as soon as we can.

NEW-YEAR'S PRESENTS TO CLERGYMEN.—Our text will be found on the front of several of the late Nos.; but we now ask our readers to apply it to a single class of persons. While the price of every article of food or clothing, and of all the necessaries of life (excepting *The Living Age*), has been increased, little or nothing has been done to raise proportionally the salaries of clergymen. They are obliged to lessen their comforts, in order to meet this pressure.

Reader, if you wish to refresh the mind and the heart of the man who "ministers to you in holy things," present him with mental food once a week, and *do not* give him *The Living Age* if there be any other work that will do him more good.

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WHAT THE BIRDS SAID.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

The birds, against the April wind,
Flew northward, singing as they flew ;
They sang, "The land we leave behind
Has swords for corn-blades, blood for dew."

"O wild-birds, flying from the South,
What saw and heard ye, gazing down?"
"We saw the mortar's upturned mouth,
The sickened camp, the blazing town!

"Beneath the bivouac's starry lamps,
We saw your march-worn children die ;
In shrouds of moss, in cypress swamps,
We saw your dead unconfined lie.

"We heard the starving prisoner's sighs ;
And saw, from line and trench, your sons
Follow our flight with homesick eyes
Beyond the battery's smoking guns."

"And heard and saw ye only wrong
And pain," I cried, "O wing-worn flocks?"
"We heard," they sung, "the Freedman's song,
The crash of Slavery's broken locks!

"We saw from new, uprising States
The treason-nursing mischief spurned,
As, crowding Freedom's ample gates,
The long-estranged and lost returned.

"O'er dusky faces, seamed and old,
And hands horn-hard with unpaid toil,
With hope in every rusling fold,
We saw your star-dropped flag uncoil.

"And, struggling up through sounds accursed,
A grateful murmur clomb the air,
A whisper scarcely heard at first,
It filled the listening heavens with prayer.

"And sweet and far, as from a star,
Replied a voice which shall not cease,
Till, drowning all the noise of war,
It sings the blessed songs of peace!"

So to me, in a doubtful day
Of chill and slowly greening spring,
Low stooping from the cloudy gray,
The wild-birds sung, or seemed to sing.

They vanished in the misty air,
The song went with them in their flight ;
But lo ! they left the sunset fair,
And in the evening there was light.

—Independent.

Tennyson, after visiting Garibaldi, addressed him
in the following sonnet :—

"True thinker and true worker, hand in hand,
Unlike, but yet how like each bears his part ;
Hero and poet with the same great heart.
In one the life-blood of the southern land

Pulses with sudden throb, as beat the waves
Where the blue sea his rocky islet laves ;
The other, master of the mighty rhyme,
Had pierced the dusky mantle of past time,
And seen the shadows of the noble dead,
The knightly throng, with Arthur at their
head—

Writing their idyls in a deathless song :
Deeming, perchance, such life a dim ideal—
Its gentle strength, its fearless scorn of wrong—
On Garibaldi gazed, and found it real.

THE LIGHTHOUSE-KEEPER'S CHILD.

A LONG low stretch of dull gray sand,
With the tide-line white as its rim,
Lies between the lighthouse, built on the strand,
And the ocean, distant and dim ;

For so far in its ebb the wave recedes,
You can scarce hear its hollow moan,
For the wind in the hillocks that rustles the
reeds,
Where the whiffs of the sand are blown.

But the flood comes galloping over the shore
Like the hoofs of a hurrying host ;
And its creamy crests in their onset pour
On the sandhills along the coast.

Now the tide is down, and the ocean-brim
From the sandhills a mile away :
'Tis time that the keeper his lamps should trim,
While his child's on the beach at play.

Behind him, the mist is beginning to spread
O'er the lowlands, lonely and damp,
And before, in the surges the sun sinks red,
As the keeper is trimming his lamp.

He carols at work a lusty song,
While his child chants a merry rhyme ;
But the time and the tide, they roll along,
Though he notes neither tide nor time !

And the waters come sweeping up at speed,
And o'er them the shrill gulls fly ;
There's a scream arises he does not heed ;
For he thinks 'tis the sea-bird's cry !

In the dim, gray light, at the morning's rise,
When the tide leaves the gleaming sand,
At the foot of the lighthouse the dead child lies,
With a tress of red weed in its hand.

T. Hood.

—Victoria Magazine.

From The Edinburgh Review.

Selections from the Diaries and Commonplace-Books of a deceased Lady of Quality. London: 1864.

IN one of Hazlitt's essays there are some remarks on the "conversation of lords," which, understood with fitting restrictions, indicate one undeniable advantage enjoyed or easily attainable by persons of rank, fortune, and position, acquired or inherited. They have commonly, he says, travelled largely; they have visited the historic sites; they have seen the most famous pictures, statues, buildings, and other objects of art; they have mixed familiarly with political, literary, and social celebrities, with the renowned statesmen, warriors, orators, and authors of their day; and they must be singularly deficient in perception or memory if they have not carried off some noteworthy facts or interesting impressions. These, accurately recorded, gain value by time, and eventually turn out precious aids to history. The light gossip of one generation becomes the solid instruction of the next; and it is not necessary to be a Saint-Simon or a Horace Walpole in order to keep a diary or commonplace-book that shall be read with entertainment and profit, when the scenes and personages which contributed the principal materials have passed away. Nor do we insist on positive novelty or entire originality. A fresh and well-authenticated version of a popular anecdote is seldom without its price.

An apt example is afforded by these "Diaries and Commonplace-Books of a deceased Lady of Quality," a pseudonyme not attempted to be sustained beyond the title-page. The lady in question was the late Miss Williams Wynn, daughter of Sir Watkin Williams Wynn (the fourth baronet) and Lady Charlotte Grenville, daughter of George Grenville (first Lord of the Treasury 1763-1765) and the Countess Temple. Miss Wynn was consequently the niece of Earl Temple (first Marquis of Buckingham), Lord Grenville, and the Right Honorable T. Grenville; sister of the Right Honorable Charles Wynn and the Right Honorable Sir Henry Wynn (English Minister at Copenhagen); besides being nearly related by blood or marriage to successive Dukes of Buckingham, Earls Fortescue, Lords Carysfort, Lords Braybrooke, Lords Delamere, Lord Nugent, and the Shipleys, Bishop and Dean of St. Asaph. We learn from those who knew her well that she

was distinguished by her literary taste and acquirements, as well as highly esteemed for the uprightness of her character, the excellence of her understanding, and the kindness of her heart; and it was publicly announced sometime since that her journals and commonplace-books, carefully kept during a long life passed in the best society, were full of interesting anecdotes and curious extracts from rare books and manuscripts. On her death, in 1857, they came into the possession of the Honorable Mrs. Rowley, under whose sanction the "Selections" before us have been compiled. They do not contain a sentence of what can fairly be called scandal, nor one at which any person can reasonably take offence.

When Miss Wynn first resolved on analyzing and preserving her impressions of remarkable people and events, it seems to have been no part of her plan to keep a regular journal. Writing exclusively for her own amusement or satisfaction, she made no entry except when she had something she thought worth commemorating; and it is only by conjecture or inference that we can fix approximately the precise period from which she starts.

"I have often thought, in reading 'Lord Orford's Reminiscences,' that almost anybody might make, by writing down theirs, a book which would at least be sure of giving entertainment to the *writer* when the recollections it records become less vivid. Upon that hint I write; and first I mean to record those sights which are gone and past, and which never can greet my eyes again. Without ever having read 'Lavater' or any one else who has written on Physiognomy, I have, as most people probably have, delight in tracing character in countenance, and therefore there are few recollections I love better than those of the faces of the great men whom I have seen at various periods. I can laugh now at the recollection of my excessive disappointment in the first great man I remember seeing—in society at least. I was about sixteen or seventeen, when at Dropmore—where I was with Lord and Lady Grenville only—Mr. Pitt arrived for a visit of two days. First, I was disappointed in that turned-up nose, and in that countenance in which it was so impossible to find any indication of the mind, and in that person which was so deficient in dignity that he had hardly the air of a gentleman. After this first disappointment, my every faculty seemed to me to be absorbed in listening. If not tropes, I fully expected the dictums of wisdom, each time that he opened his mouth.

From what I then heard and saw, I should say that mouth was made for eating; as to speaking, there was very little, and that little was totally uninteresting to me, and I believe would have been so to everybody. I was certainly not capable of a very accurate judgment; but I was as certainly in a mood very much to overrate instead of underrating what fell from the great man, and to be quite sure that what I did not understand must be mighty fine.

"On the second day arrived Lord Wellesley, whom I thought very agreeable; partly, I fancy, from his high-bred manners, and still more from his occasionally saying a few words to me, and thus making me feel treated as a reasonable creature. After we had retired for the night, I heard from the library, which was under my room, the most extraordinary noises,—barking, mewing, hissing, howling, interspersed with violent shouts of laughter. I settled that the servants had come into the room, and had got drunk and riotous; and I turned to sleep when the noise had ceased. Never can I forget my dismay (it was more than astonishment) when next day at breakfast, I heard that my wise uncle and his two wise guests, whom we had left talking, as I supposed, of the fate of Europe, had spied in the room a little bird: they did not wish it to be shut up there all night; therefore, after having opened every window, these great wise men tried every variety of noise they could make to frighten out the poor bird."

"I embarked for India," writes Lord Wellesley in a published letter, "in the month of November, 1797, and I returned to England in January, 1806." He found Pitt dying; and their meeting at Dropmore was probably during the visit mentioned in his letter to the Marquis of Buckingham of April 20, 1797: "I received your very kind affectionate letter last night at Dropmore, where I have been for a few days." Miss Wynn must have been about sixteen or seventeen, or perhaps a little older, in 1797.

"At a later period—in the year 1805—I found myself for nearly a week at Stowe, with Mr. Fox; but as there were above fifty others in the house, with the prince regent at their head, the whole thing was a formal crowd, and I could only gaze at the countenance of the one whom I should most have liked to hear talk. Certainly in this mixed society he hardly ever was heard to speak; but occasionally, with some one individual, one saw him entering into an animated whispered conversation, and it was curious to watch the sudden illumination of a countenance which, when he was silent, had to my fancy a heavy,

sullen look. How far it might even then have been altered by malady, I cannot judge; but I know that the next time I beheld Mr. Fox, not six months after, at Lord Melville's trial, I thought I never had seen the ravages of illness so strongly marked in any human countenance. All its animation had disappeared; the leaden eyes were almost lost under the heavy eyebrow; even that appeared to partake in the extraordinary change which all the coloring seemed to have undergone; the pallid or rather livid hue of the complexion deepened the sable hue of the dark brow, and the whole countenance assumed a lethargic expression. He lived scarcely three months after the time I mention.

"In my recollection, no person appears to have possessed the power of making conversation delightful as much as Mr. Windham. His peculiar charm seems to me to have been that sort of gay openness which I should call the very reverse of what the French term *morgue*. To all this must be agreeable, and it is peculiarly delightful to a young person who is deeply conscious of her own inferiority to the person who condescends to put her perfectly at ease.

"During the party at Stowe, to which I have alluded, I found myself embarked for the morning's, or rather day's, amusement, in a carriage with Lady King, Lord Braybrooke, and Mr. Windham; my mother was in some other carriage; my two sisters in a third. When we all met in our own rooms, they with one accord voted they were a little tired and very much bored; I, though much more liable to both these complaints than any of the party, could only say I had been highly amused the whole day. The fact was, they had no Mr. Windham to listen to, and I had; and yet, truth to say, when I was asked how he had contrived to amuse me so much, I had very little to tell even then; and now after so many years that little has passed away.

"I do recollect, however, one singular circumstance. 'Junius' happened to be mentioned, and on that old subject Mr. Windham ventured what was to me, at least, a quite new guess. Gibbon was the person he mentioned as the only man of high talents living at that period in obscurity, which might effectually have concealed him. Soon afterward I mentioned this conjecture to Charles (the late Right Hon. Charles Wynn), whose accurate memory immediately produced a proof of its fallacy. He said, 'I cannot help thinking that, at the period of the publication of "Junius," Gibbon was not in England.' Upon referring to the letters of Gibbon, it proved that he was in Switzerland during the greater part, if not the whole, of the appearance of 'Junius.' It seems most singular that Mr. Windham should ever men-

tion a conjecture which he had not brought to this most obvious test."

These impressions strike us to be correct in the main, and their girlish freshness and frankness would be their recommendation if they were less so. A man can no more expect to be a hero to a young lady than to his *valet-de-chambre*, unless he is good-looking or condescends to talk to her. Perhaps the second of these alternatives is the more essential of the two; and the flattering reminiscence retained by the old semi-fabulous Countess of Desmond of Richard III. has been plausibly accounted for on the hypothesis, that he chose her for his partner at the court ball at which she saw him. Pitt, a good-looking man when Gainsborough painted him, acquired prematurely a worn look; and Fox's was never one of those faces which "linners love to paint and ladies to look upon." In the description of Windham, as leaving simply a general impression of intelligence and agreeability, we recognize the *beau-idéal* of a cultivated companion in a drive or walk, who, neither making nor calling for any strong effort of the memory or understanding, keeps the mind pleasantly occupied without fatiguing it.

If Miss Wynn and her brother convinced themselves by referring to the letters of Gibbon that he was in Switzerland during the publication of "Junius," they must have been under a mistaken impression as to the date of that publication, which began in January, 1769, and ended in January, 1772. Gibbon was in England during the whole of that period; but until after the death of his father in 1770, he had little or no acquaintance with public men or practical politics; and the account he gives of his pursuits and state of mind in his *Memoirs* conclusively shows that he was not, and could not have been "Junius." Whilst on this topic, we may as well pass on to a subsequent entry regarding it.

"JANUARY, 1837.—I have had a great deal of conversation with Lord Braybrooke on the old subject of 'Junius.' I see he puts little faith in the promised revelation of the mystery by the Duke of Buckingham;* and I

* The first duke. The chiefs of the Grenville family and possessors of Stowe succeed each other thus: 1. Earl Temple (son of George Grenville and the Countess Temple) died 1779; 2. Earl Temple, created Marquis of Buckingham, died 1813; 3. Marquis of Buckingham, created duke in 1822,

may as well, before I proceed, write all I remember of what the duke told me some five or six years ago. He said that, examining some papers of our grandfather (George Grenville), he found a letter which entirely cleared the matter; that he had immediately written this to Lord Grenville, and had offered to exchange his secret information for that which he had always understood was in my uncle's possession. No answer was returned, and the duke said that, as it was evident that Lord Grenville did not wish for any communication on the subject, he thought it more delicate toward him not to make it to any one as long as he lived.

"Four years have now elapsed since the death of Lord Grenville, and nothing is made known on the subject of 'Junius.' Whether the duke is still restrained by delicacy toward my dear surviving uncle (the Right Honorable T. Grenville),—whether subsequent discoveries have cast a doubt upon that which he considered so positive, I of course know not. At the time when he told the above to Lady Delamere and me, he was in a very communicative humor, allowed us to question, and promised to refuse to answer unless he could reply truly. He said that 'Junius' was not any one of the persons to whom the letters have been ascribed: that, from the situation in which he found the paper in question, he had every reason to believe that his father had never read it. I know that, very soon after my uncle's (Earl Temple) death, he told Charles that he had found a private letter from 'Junius' to my grandfather. Nugent (Lord Nugent), I understand, was with him when the paper was found: indeed, I believe was the first to open it, and of course partakes in the secret.

"The impression left upon the mind of my sister (Lady Delamere) by this conversation was, that Lord Temple was the man. If so, he must have had an amanuensis in the secret; for the hand of a Secretary of State must have been too well known in all its manner not to have been discovered. The same objection has been made to the supposition of Lord Chatham, and has been removed by a conjecture that the letters were transcribed by Lady Chatham. From all that I have been used to hear of little Lady Temple,—thought so very little by all the younger members of his family,—I am inclined to think that the same conjecture could not apply to her; that hers was not the pen of a ready writer; that in her orthography, even, she was (according to the fashion of that day) very deficient. . . .

"Lord Braybrooke conceives the pretended 1839; 4. Second duke, died 1861; 5. Third duke, now living.

sions of Sir P. Francis as being better supported than those of any other of the candidates for the authorship. In support of this assertion he told me a singular story. (Here follows the story of the verses addressed by Francis to Mrs. King, already printed.)

"Lord Braybrooke told me that there was a moment when he expected some very interesting information on this subject. The present king (William the Fourth) giving him a message of apology to Lord Grenville for having driven, by a mistake of the coachman, close to the house at Dropmore, began talking about my uncle's supposed knowledge of the secret of 'Junius,' and added, 'I will tell you what my father said one day to me upon this subject. He was, after every attempt to discover the secret, quite as much in the dark as any of his subjects, but he added, "I will tell you, my son, now that you are grown up and can understand them, what are my conjectures upon the question." One can imagine the anxious curiosity of Lord Braybrooke at this preface, and his extreme disappointment at the conclusion; 'I am convinced that it cannot be the work of any one person, and that several were concerned.'* Now, setting aside the evidence of unity of style and purpose which is strong against this supposition, it would make the mystery even more wonderful than it has appeared,—indeed, one may say impossible.

"Lord Braybrooke told the king an anecdote connected with this, though perhaps not much to the purpose. Lady Holland, in one of her imperious moods, made Rogers go to Sir P. Francis to pump him upon the question of authorship. Her unwilling angry ambassador returned, and was of course very closely questioned; he was sulky, and to the leading 'Come, tell me what you have discovered?' replied, 'I have found out that Francis is Junius—Brutus.' Lord Braybrooke said that it was quite evident to him that the merit (such as it was) of the reply was quite lost upon King William, whose acquaintance with Junius Brutus, if it ever existed, was quite lost.

"This forgetfulness, strange as it is, is perhaps less so than that of Lord E. [Euston?]. A few days after the publication of Woodfall's 'Junius,' Nugent, seeing it on the table of the Duke of Grafton, turned to Lord E. and said, 'It is an odd coincidence to see this book for the first time in this house.' Lord E. stared, and asked 'Why should it not be here?'"

We ourselves have more than once heard the late Duke of Buckingham, the second

* This is hardly reconcilable with a statement attributed to George III. soon after the cessation of the letters, that "Junius would write no more."

duke, make a statement touching "Junius" to nearly the same effect as his father's, subsequently to the publication of the third volume of the "Grenville Papers," edited by Mr. W. J. Smith, in 1853. That volume contains three private letters to Mr. Grenville, pronounced by Mr. Smith to be "unquestionably in the handwriting of Junius." They were found at Stowe, labelled and tied up with other papers, in 1827. They all purport to be written in 1768, before the adoption of the renowned pseudonyme by the supposed writer. Two are signed with the initial "C." and one has no signature.

All three agree in professing a deep attachment to Mr. Grenville, personally and politically. The first concludes: "The only condition which I presume to make with you is, that you will not only not show these papers to anybody, but that you will never mention ever having received them." In the second, it is said: "Be assured that he (the writer) is a man quite unknown and unconnected. He has attached himself to *your* cause, and to *you* alone, upon motives, which, if he were of consequence enough, to his judgment, would be thought as honorable to you as they are truly satisfactory to himself. At a proper time he will solicit the honor of being known to you; he has present important reasons for wishing to be concealed." In the third, alluding to the letters signed "Atticus," he says: "The town is curious to know the author. Everybody guesses; some are quite certain; and all are mistaken. Some who bear your character, give it to the Rockinghams (a policy I do not understand), and Mr. Bourke (*sic*) denies it, as he would a fact which he wished to have believed. It may be proper to assure you that no man living knows or even suspects the author."

These *three* letters were found together by the former librarian and Mr. Smith, no other person being present. Was the first Duke of Buckingham referring to these, or one of these, when he attached so much importance to the paper found by himself? How came he to state so positively that "Junius was not any one of the persons to whom the letters have been ascribed"? Could the second duke have been likewise referring to them when he boasted of peculiar knowledge subsequently to their publication? At all events, the language and conduct of the Grenvilles give additional plausibility to Mr.

W. J. Smith's ingenious argument for fixing the authorship on Earl Temple, who had already been started as a candidate in a transatlantic essay.* Mr. Smith assumes, for the purposes of this theory, that they were copied by Lady Temple, "little Lady Temple," of whom, according to Miss Wynn, the family thought so slightly. Be her intellectual calibre what it might, the lithographed specimens of her handwriting, given by Mr. Smith, bear a striking resemblance to that of "Junius;" † what is more, they manifest such a command of the pen as would obviously be required to produce the manuscript letters received by Woodfall, which are in a free, bold, clear, and even graceful character.

So long as respectable competitors can keep the field, and are upheld by men of learning and ability, the question must be considered an open one; although Lord Macaulay deliberately declared that the evidence for (or against) Francis is "such as would support a verdict in a civil, nay, in a criminal, proceeding." Lord Campbell agreed with him, and cited in confirmation a letter to himself from Lady Francis, the widow, proving certainly that her husband wished to impress on her the belief in his identity with "Junius;" that he had succeeded in so doing, and that he was intensely anxious to diffuse that belief amongst posterity. "His first gift after our marriage was an edition of 'Junius,' which he bid me take to my room, and not let it be seen, or speak on the subject; and his posthumous present, which his son found in his bureau, was 'Junius Identified' sealed up and directed to me." Surely, the genuine Junius, anxious for posthumous immortality in his real name, might have settled the controversy by more conclusive evidence of some sort. It would have been more to the purpose to have sealed up and bequeathed the "set bound in vellum, gilt and lettered," which, along with "two sets in blue and paper covers," he required and received from Woodfall as "the only fee he should ever desire of him."

In reference to the Junius Brutus story, Rogers himself positively states, in his "Table Talk," p. 273, that the question was put to Francis, not by himself, but by Lady

* "Letters on Junius." By Isaac Newhall. Boston: 1831.

† See the essay prefixed to the third volume of the "Grenville Letters."

Holland in his presence. The answer was, "Madam, do you mean to insult me?" So, too, Scrope Davies, who was intimate with Francis, once began: "Sir Philip, will you allow me to put a question to you?" "At your peril, sir," was the reply. The addition of Brutus was a subsequent invention, Moore says, of the newspapers. In the "Dedication to the British Nation" Junius says, "I am the sole depositary of my own secret, and it shall perish with me." He has apparently done his best to keep his word.

The sudden transition from the political to the actual stage or drama may sound startling in our time; but it would have seemed quite natural to the contemporaries of Garrick and the Kembles, when the great actors divided the public interest with the leaders of parties and the magnates of intellect. Dr. Doran positively asserts that, one evening during the Betty fever, the House of Commons, on the motion of Pitt, adjourned and went down to the theatre to see the young Roscius. Sir Walter Scott's letters abound in allusions to the acting drama; and we learn from Lord Byron's how much he delighted in the discharge of the duties which his position in the managing committee of Drury Lane flung upon him. The playgoers of their day—comprising the bulk of the cultivated classes—discussed the question of a new part, or the original conception of an old one, as eagerly as a new poem or a maiden speech. They defined, compared, analyzed, and did their best to base their judgments on the sound principles of art. We are, therefore, not surprised to find the diarist passing, after a brief interval also occupied by historic personages, from the celebrities of St. Stephen's and St. James's to those of Covent Garden and Drury Lane.

"Nothing appears to me more difficult than even to preserve an idea of the pleasure one has derived from good acting. I am quite convinced no description can give the least idea of that which one has not seen. After having heard and read so much as I have of Garrick, I have often looked at the picture in St. James' Square* and fancied I had some idea of him, but then, when I saw Mr. Angerstein's picture of Garrick between Tragedy and Comedy, I found it so different that all my ideas were overturned.

"I certainly recollect Miss Farren on the

* No. 18, the townhouse of Sir Watkin Wynn.

stage, and remember very clearly her taking leave of it; but nothing remains upon my mind which would lead me from my own knowledge to say that she was an excellent actress. I know I was told so; but in the part of Lady Teazle, in which I saw her frequently, I could not point out one prominent part which has left on my mind an impression of excellence. Perhaps the absence of prominent parts may, to a certain degree, be considered as the characteristic of that never-failing elegance and ease which marked her performance. Perhaps, too, it is just the sort of excellence which is the least likely to strike and captivate the imagination of a very young person. I recollect *not* the admirable acting in the famous screen scene, *but* the circumstance of seeing Lord Derby leaving his private box to creep to her behind the screen; and of course we all looked with impatience for the discovery, hoping the screen would fall a little too soon and show to the audience Lord Derby as well as Lady Teazle."

Dr. Doran states that Miss Farren took her final leave of the stage in Lady Teazle on the 8th of April, 1797, and was married to Lord Derby on the May Day following, his countess having died on the 14th of the preceding March. In allusion to the earl's attachment to the actress, Horace Walpole writes to Miss Berry in 1791: "I have had no letter from you these ten days, though the east wind has been as constant as Lord Derby."

It may prove a useful warning to critics, and a timely encouragement to aspirants, to learn (as they may learn from the next extracts) that persons of clear discernment and cultivated taste, who actually gazed on the great luminaries, saw specks in what we are apt to suppose a blaze of unsullied brightness.

"Mrs. Siddons, in her prime, is certainly a bright recollection; but I did not feel for her acting quite the enthusiasm that most people profess: it was too artificial for my taste. Her attitudes were fine and graceful; but they always seemed to me the result of study; not like Miss O'Neil, who always was graceful merely because she could not help it,—because it was impossible to throw those beautifully-formed limbs, and especially that neck, into any position that was not beautiful. At the same time I must say, in Isabella and in Jane Shore, Miss O'Neil struck me as very inferior indeed to Mrs. Siddons. She never excited that deep thrill

of horror which made my blood tingle at my fingers' ends. I was melancholy, and that was all.

"Miss O'Neil had sense enough to refuse the character of Lady Macbeth, conscious that her powers were inadequate to it. I never saw Mrs. Siddons with a good Macbeth, for Kemble I never reckoned tolerable, nor did I feel I knew what the character was till I heard Mrs. Siddons read the play. Certainly in that reading some speeches of Macbeth's, and almost the whole of the witches', were the parts that struck me most. Probably Lady Macbeth, however excellent, had by frequent repetition lost some of her power; certainly in that part Mrs. Siddons could no longer surprise me. Yes, she did though. I looked with impatience for the grand sleep-walking scene, and thought I would take advantage of my position, which was very near her, to watch the fine, fixed, glassy glare which she contrived to give to her eyes. Alas! that was quite gone: whether the diminution of the natural fire of the eye prevented this effect, or whether the muscles were grown less flexible from age and want of constant practice, I know not; but I feel quite certain of the fact. It struck me when I saw her once more, in one of her frequent re-appearances, act Lady Macbeth on the opera stage. Then, my pleasure in seeing her was increased by my delight in watching the effect she produced on the very eloquent though plain countenance of Madame de Staël, who sat in the stage-box, literally wrapped up in the performance."

"Mr. Greathead, who has been in the habit of hearing Mrs. Siddons read Macbeth, even (he said) *from the period of her being his mother's maid before she had appeared on any stage* up to the present moment, told me he was struck with a great difference in her manner of reading the witches' scenes after the appearance of 'Guy Mannering.' He said it was quite clear to him that Meg Merrilees had explained to Mrs. Siddons Shakspeare's idea in the witches. This he told me upon my observing with delight upon their totally altered appearance on Drury Lane Theatre, which I ascribed to the same cause. I consider this as one of the most singular and at the same time the most glorious triumphs of the genius of the Great Unknown, as it is now the fashion to call him.

"I can hardly conceive anything finer than the expression which Mrs. Siddons gave to the simple reply, '*a deed without a name.*' It seemed full of all the guilty dread belonging to witchcraft, and it is just this idea of guilt which seems to me so difficult to convey to our minds, which are so engrossed with the

folly of the whole thing that we do not recollect it was a *sin*."

Mr. Greathead's incidental remark helps to throw light over a passage in the early life of Mrs. Siddons, which has (needlessly we think) scandalized her admirers and puzzled her biographers. Whilst she was playing at Wolverhampton, in 1773, as Sarah Kemble, the daughter of the manager of a strolling company, Mr. Siddons, an ex-apprentice from Birmingham, who had been playing Meadows to her Rosetta in "Love in a Village," fell in love with her. She returned his passion, which her parents were so far from favoring that one night, when he had been rather too demonstrative in its display, her mother boxed his ears behind the scenes. He left the troop; and the future Tragic Muse, equally indignant at the insult, fled the stage and took service with a patronizing great lady of the neighborhood. What was the nature of that service? In "The Secret History of the Stage," quoted by Dr. Doran, it is bluntly stated that "she hired herself as lady's-maid at £10 a year." Mr. Thomas Campbell endeavors to shade away the apparent degradation. After mentioning that he had seen a copy of Milton which the Greatheads presented to her at this period, he suggests that this circumstance is at variance with a rumor "often repeated, I have no doubt, from a charitable wish to make her early days as vulgar as possible; namely, that she went as a nursery-maid into the house at Guy's Cliff. Families rarely present their nursemaids with copies of Milton's poetry; and, besides, there were at that time no children to be nursed in the Greathead family. Her station with them was humble, but not servile, and her principal employment was to read to Mr. Greathead."* The younger Greathead was then a lad of twelve or fourteen. Mrs. Siddons was married before the expiration of the year; and the brief duration of the service, taken in connection with its somewhat romantic commencement, favors Campbell's theory. But, be this as it may, it would be impossible to associate the notion of vulgarity or degradation with Mrs. Siddons; and the fact of her having turned nursemaid or lady's-maid in a pet, would affect her memory no more than that of Coleridge is affected by his having enlisted as a private in the Dragoons.

* "Life of Mrs. Siddons," vol. i. p. 51.

Miss Wynn's criticisms proceed with unabated spirit:—

"My delight, my astonishment, when I first saw Kean in most of his great parts, I recorded at the time, and therefore do not mention here. Miss O'Neil gave me great pleasure; but it was altogether a lighter sensation than that excited by Mrs. Siddons or Kean. There was none of that thrill which more exactly answers the idea of *pleasing pain* than anything I ever felt, and I can hardly attach any other meaning to the words. She was sometimes very affecting, always graceful, pleasing, but I think never great, and certainly never offensive. I am, upon recollection, inclined to doubt whether her scene with Lord Hastings in 'Jane Shore' might not deserve the epithet of *great*; in the last scene she fell very far short of Mrs. Siddons. I could imagine a person looking at those features, which, though handsome, are certainly very deficient in expression, and asking how could that face succeed on the stage? She must have painted her eyebrows; for how could there be any expression in a face so entirely without brow as hers? I should be puzzled to answer these inquiries, but I believe both Miss O'Neil, and even Kean in a lesser degree, may be adduced as instances of expression without features, and may show how much feeling may be betrayed by the human frame, independent of the face.

"Still there certainly was a powerful charm in the evanescent hue of Miss O'Neil's delicate complexion. I saw her once in 'Mrs. Haller' give interest to the dull scene in which Old Tobias pours forth his tedious gratitude: her rosy blushes showed how unmerited she felt every commendation bestowed on a creature so guilty. In the whole of this part she appeared to me absolute perfection. One trait of nature enchanted me. In the last scene, after having been pleased by her appearance of deep contrition, her painful consciousness of degradation, I anticipated with pain the sort of disgust which I had always experienced at the return of the jewels. The whole incident seems to me too trifling, and becomes ludicrous when Mrs. Haller, looking to see whether they are all right, makes an oration on each article: with these feelings, what was my delight when Miss O'Neil, who had kept her eyes steadily fixed on the ground and appeared really sinking into it, in taking the box from the stranger *looked* at him for the first time, and by that *look* told us more than by words how he was altered, her fears, her love, etc., etc.; in short, I looked at her face and quite forgot the jewels which, even the first time the play was ever acted, nearly made me disgrace myself by laughing in the

midst of the tears and screams which Mrs. Siddons called forth."

It is singular that the writer did not think of Rachel, whilst looking about for examples of what genius can effect without marked advantages of form or feature; for it appears that Miss Wynn had studied the French stage almost equally with the English.

"Talma has extremely delighted me; I never go to a French tragedy expecting that close and sober imitation of nature which one looks for on the English stage; one might as well look for it in the midst of opera recitative as in the jingle of rhyme. Still it is pleasure, and great pleasure, too, though of a different nature. I think Talma superior to every performer I ever saw in the expression of bitter scorn, especially when it is mixed with irony. Still I think he never gave me as much pleasure on the stage as he did in Lady Charleville's drawing-room, where I heard him talk over English and French acting, express his wish to unite the merits of both, depreciate the humble accuracy with which the last mortal throes are often represented on our stage. He spoke of Kemble's Macbeth; wondered at his tameness, especially immediately after the commission of the murder; and said that his whole frame ought to have spoken of the horrid deed. Thus far everybody must have agreed with him; but when the very natural question *Qu'auriez vous fait?* was put to him, and he proceeded to act his feelings, I for one thought it most absurd, because then my ideas were screwed to the pitch of Macbeth and nature. Probably I might have admired if I had been screwed up to the pitch of Oreste and French rant. Much ought to be allowed for the superabundance of action which the French bestow on the relation of the common events of life and in ordinary conversation.

"What would I give to have been present at a scene related to me that evening by Sir J. B. Burgess! He had a few days before introduced Talma to Lady Charleville.* After a little commonplace, he (Talma) was drawn on, as if electrified by finding in her a kindred admiration of his hero, Napoleon, and related all that passed on the last memorable day of his departure from Fontainebleau. He

* Catherine, Countess of Charleville, wife of the first earl, a woman of many and varied accomplishments, and of masculine strength of understanding. She died at an advanced age in 1849. The translation of Voltaire's "Pucelle," still frequently ascribed to her in book catalogues, was always indignantly denied by her. It was executed and printed for private circulation by her second husband, the Earl of Charleville, prior to their marriage, and was not at all in her style. She delighted in refined wit, and detested coarse humor.

gave the speeches of Talleyrand, of Napoleon, of a physician who acted a conspicuous part, with such an accurate imitation of their several manners that Sir James told me he felt as if he, too, had been present at the scene.

"This evening, Talma recited to us Hamlet's soliloquy in English: he has been for so large a portion of his early life in England that *the thing was, upon the whole, much less absurd than might have been expected.* There was no very striking Gallicism, excepting the word 'consu-mation.'"

Was it diminished veneration for our immortal bard, or an excess of critical candor, or the sense of difficulties overcome, or the real excellence of the personation, that caused Fechter's "Hamlet," far from being regarded as an absurdity, to be received with such unequivocal marks of favor? The conception of the part was excellent and much of the acting admirable; but those whose enjoyment was not occasionally marred by the accent, must have had ears ill attuned to the harmony of Shakspearian verse, and small relish for the well of English undefiled.

The uncle mentioned in the next extract is Lord Grenville:—

"My uncle gave me a curious account of the introduction of Mr. Scott to the Princess. Mrs. Hayman, in sending the invitation to my uncle, added a personal request that he would come early to protect the poet (for as such only was he known), who, she believed, would not know any one other guest. Scott arrived late, was only presented to the Princess just before she went to dinner; at table, his place was, of course, far removed from hers, and little, if any, conversation took place between them. Very soon after the gentlemen came up from dinner, the Princess said, 'Mr. Scott, I hear you have a great collection of stories which you tell remarkably well: pray let us hear one.' Without any disclaiming speeches, without hesitation, almost without delay, Scott began, 'Madam, there was once,' etc., etc. The story was much applauded: another was called for, and followed with equal facility. My uncle mentioned this as an extraordinary feat of self-possession and ready wit. I am certainly not inclined to doubt the extraordinary talents of Scott; but in this instance many circumstances appear to me to diminish the wonder. The trade of Scott in his character of London and Edinburgh lion was as decidedly at that period that of a teller of stories as it has since been that of a writer of novels. The tales had probably been told a hundred times, and on this occasion his friend, Mrs. A. H., I doubt

not, gave him a previous hint of what would be asked from him."

Scott mentions his dinner, in a letter to Mr. George Ellis, describing his visit to London, dated April 7, 1806: "I had also the honor of dining with a fair friend of yours at Blackheath,—an honor which I shall long remember. She is an enchanting princess, who dwells in an enchanted palace, and I cannot help thinking her prince must lie under some malignant spell when he denies himself her society." His popularity dates from the publication of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," in 1805. At a later period and after a longer practice in being lionized, in 1809, he made extremely light of his own social accomplishments. "All this is very flattering," he would say to Mr. Morritt, "and very civil. If people are amused with hearing me tell a parcel of old stories, or recite a pack of ballads to lovely young girls and gaping matrons, they are easily pleased, and a man would be very ill-natured who would not give pleasure so cheaply conferred." Two years before, his absence of self-assumption was still more remarkable:—

"APRIL, 1807.—Mr. Scott, the author of the 'Lay,' told us some curious border histories. We were much pleased with the conclusion of the history of Wat Tynlin. When he was grown old and blind, one of the agents of the Lady of Branksome, in her absence, called upon him for the rent of a small tower which he inhabited, part of which is standing to this day. Wat, incensed, replied he never had paid rent, nor would at that age. At last he delivered his bow to the steward, and said he would pay the rent to the man who could draw that bow. The bow was certainly tried; but we will hope that the lady would never have obliged such a man to pay his rent. However, certain it is that some vain attempts were made to draw his bow, and that Wat never paid his rent.

"Mr. Scott spoke of one story (the story of 'Muckle Mouth Meg'), which might make an excellent ballad, but he said he could not write it as to do it justice; much humor (he said)—*a quality he never possessed*—was required."

There is a note in the Diary on this entry:—

"* When in 1815 Scott published Paul's 'Letters to his Kinsfolk,' in which the attempts at humor so entirely failed, I lamented his having forgotten this declaration. Now, in 1824, when he is considered as the un-

doubted though unacknowledged author of so many admirable novels containing more humor than could probably be found in all the other authors of this century collected together, I wonder at his having made it. I see that when I tell this story, nobody believes me, and I feel I should doubt my own recollection if the above had not been written on the very day that I saw Scott, in 1807."

Perhaps Scott's early self-estimate, properly construed, was not altogether a mistake. He must have known that he could tell stories, and draw characters, of rich Scotch humor; but he despaired of reaching the very high standard of English humor which he had formed for himself from a careful study of the masters of the craft. He despaired (Shakespeare apart) of rivalling the grace and delicacy of Addison, the depth and playfulness of Fielding, or even the vivacious exuberance of his own countryman, Smollett; and surely no one south of the Tweed would dream of comparing the Baron of Bradwardine to Sir Roger de Coverley, Dominie Sampson to Parson Adams, Andrew Fair Service to Partridge, or Ritchie Monipplies to Strap.

A fashionable physician enjoys peculiar advantages in the collection of curious facts. He is behind the scenes at critical moments; he is slipping in and out of great houses, when stormy scenes are passing, or startling changes are in the wind; he is close at hand when the prince, statesman, or favorite, reduced by illness, is irresistibly impelled to seek relief in semi-confidence or self-laudation ending in self-betrayal. Sir Henry Hallford was the *beau-idéal* of the character; and no man was more disposed to profit by his opportunities. His over-eagerness to stand well at the same time with two great party leaders once led him into a ludicrous scrape. In the brief ministerial crisis brought about by the resignation of the Reform Ministers in May, 1832, he wrote on the same day to the Duke of Wellington to congratulate him on the salvation of the Constitution from the Whigs, and to Lord Grey to condole with him on its pending destruction by the Tories, and enclosed the letters in the wrong envelopes; so that the duke received the condolence, and Lord Grey the congratulation. In May, 1810, Lord Grenville fell ill, and Mr. Fremantle writes to Earl Temple: "I wish extremely he had Baillie instead of Hallford. . . . I can speak on this subject from experience; for I

was tormented even to torture for six months in my head constantly. Sir H. Halford attended me, and prescribed evrything in his vocabulary, without effect. I sent for Baillie, and he relieved me in a week." This advice was probably disregarded; for we find Sir Henry remaining on confidential and most communicative terms with the family, and one of the results was the conversation thus recorded:—

"MAY, 1832.—Sir Henry Halford gave us, the other day, some interesting particulars respecting the malady of George III. He says it is one of the characteristics of that species of insanity that, about three months after the seizure, there is a great change for the better, which sometimes ends in recovery, in other cases in a more violent return of malady; he says we shall probably hear of that change in poor Lord Dudley in about two months: whether it will be permanent or not, is more than any mortal can tell. In the case of the king, this change took place in the month of February; it was not only that *hopes* were entertained, but many of the Council were of opinion that he *was* in full possession of his faculties. On one particular day, they came out saying that he had spoken so perfectly collectedly—1st, on the necessity of sending troops to America: of the persons to command: of the points to which the troops were to be sent; 2d, of the expediency of the appointment of a vice-chancellor: of the persons best fitted for the office,* etc., etc.—that they believed him quite restored and able to resume his power. Lord Ellenborough used the words of Pilate: 'I find no fault at all in that just person.'

"Sir Henry said, this not being his own opinion, he felt his situation an extremely unpleasant one; well knowing the cunning of all mad persons, he was well aware that nothing but extreme vigilance would enable them to detect the delusions if they still existed. One day, when the king fancied himself surrounded by servants only, and when a medical attendant was watching unseen, he took a glass of wine and water and drank it to the health *conjugis meæ dilectissimæ Elizabethæ*, meaning Lady Pembroke. Here was a delusion clearly established and noted down immediately,—the use of Latin, which was not to be understood by those whom he supposed *only* to hear him, affording a singular proof of the odd cunning of insanity.

"A few days after, Sir Henry was walking with him on the terrace, he began talking of the Lutheran religion, of its superiority to

that of the Church of England, and ended with growing so vehement that he really ranted forth its praises without mentioning that which Sir Henry believes to have been the real motive of this preference,—the left-handed marriages allowed. He was very anxious to see whether traces of this delusion would appear again, and went to the Duke of York to ask for information as to the tenets, practices, etc., of the Lutheran faith. The duke said, "Watch him in Passion Week; if he fancies himself a Lutheran, you will see an extraordinary degree of mortification and mourning, etc." When Sir Henry returned to the assembled physicians, he wrote down the substance of this conversation, and without communicating it to anybody, requested those present to seal the paper and keep it in a chest where their notes and other papers of importance were kept under locks, of which each had a separate key. When the Monday in Passion Week arrived, and Sir Henry had nearly forgotten this conversation, he went into the king's dressing-room while he was at his toilet, and found the attendants in amazement at his having called for and put on black stockings, black waistcoat and breeches, and a gray coat with black buttons.

"It was curious to hear that his delusions assumed, like those of other madmen, the character of pride, and that a sovereign even fancied himself in a station more elevated than his own. He would sometimes fancy himself possessed of supernatural power; and when angry with any of the keepers, stamp his foot, and say he had sent them down into hell.

"It is always evident to me that, among all these royalties,—among the three kings whom he has attended,—Sir Henry's partiality is to the one who seems to me to deserve it least,—to George the Fourth. He gave us the following account of his first introduction to his intimacy. He had never attended the prince, and barely knew him when the last malady of George the Third declared itself. Sir Henry was aware that he was surrounded by spies from the prince: that one whom 'we well knew and would little suspect,' was living at the Christopher, etc. Anxious to stop this, Sir Henry went to the prince, and gave him the most detailed and most accurate statement of the situation of the king. The prince expressed his gratitude, not unmixed with surprise, at his candor. Sir Henry promised that henceforth he might depend upon always having from him the most accurate information, if he would only promise not to seek it from any other source. The prince gave the promise, and (wonderful to say) kept it. Sir Henry then went to the queen, and told her what she had done. She, with a

* This fixes the date. The first vice-chancellor was appointed early in 1813.

tremendous frown, expressed great astonishment; Sir Henry stated the obvious reasons for the step he had taken: she paused; her brow cleared: 'You are quite right, sir; it is proper that the Prince of Wales should be informed.' From that moment, as he says, confidence and intimacy were renewed between mother and son."

In connection with what comes next, it will be borne in mind that the Princess Amelia died on November 2, 1810; and that her prolonged illness was the proximate cause of the renewal of the king's malady.

"At the period before mentioned, during the lucid intervals, Sir Henry describes himself as having had a very awkward subject to discuss with the king. The death of Princess Amelia was known to him; every day the attendants expected and dreaded questions as to her property, her will, etc.; the bequest of everything to General Fitzroy was a subject so very delicate to touch upon. The queen dared not; Percival and the chancellor successively undertook the disclosure, and shrunk from it, imposing it on Sir Henry. Never, he says, can he forget the feelings with which, having requested some private conversation with the king, after the other physicians were gone, he was called into a window with the light falling so full on his countenance that even the poor nearly-blind king could see it. He asked whether it would be agreeable to him to hear now how Princess Amelia had disposed of her little property. 'Certainly, certainly, I want to know;' with great eagerness. Sir Henry reminded him, at the beginning of his illness he had appointed Fitzroy to ride with her; how he had left him with her at Weymouth; how it was natural and proper that she should leave him some token for these services; that, excepting jewels, she had nothing to leave, and had bequeathed them all to him; that the Prince of Wales, thinking jewels a very inappropriate bequest for a man, had given Fitzroy a pecuniary compensation for them (his family, by the by, always said it was very inadequate), and had distributed slight tokens to all the attendants and friends of the princess, giving the bulk of the jewels to Princess Mary, her most constant and kindest of nurses. Upon this, the poor king exclaimed, 'Quite right; just like the Prince of Wales;' and no more was said.

"Sir Henry is apt to be the hero of his own stories, and to boast a degree of intimacy and confidence which I am sometimes inclined to doubt. The history of the change on the subject of the Catholic question is very curious; but I own I feel it rather difficult to believe that Sir Henry was admitted into a

secret so closely kept. Be that as it may, his story is that, at the close of the session, the Duke of Wellington wrote to the king a letter, which he showed to Sir Henry, stating that he felt the time to be now arrived when the boon of emancipation could no longer be refused to Ireland; telling him that, if his objections remained unsurmountable, he must abandon the strong hold of his faith. The Coronation Oath as an argument, which had been proved not to hold water, must not be brought forward again. This letter, Sir Henry says, produced much and very painful cogitation, and agitation enough to have roused the king from his state of indolence to very deep thought. A second letter Sir Henry saw when the king was more inclined to concession, in which the duke requested leave to impart his intentions to two cabinet ministers, and to one or two of the bishops."

George IV. was never famous for discretion, and was especially liable to the tattling tendency already hinted at in sick and solitary greatness. It is, therefore, not improbable that he told Sir Henry the substance of the Duke of Wellington's letters; and that some such letters were written is beyond a doubt.* On the 9th of August, 1828, the duke writes to Mr. (Sir Robert) Peel:—

"MY DEAR PEEL,—I NOW send you the memorandum which I sent to the king upon the state of Ireland, the letter which I wrote to him at the same time, his answer, a memorandum upon the Roman Catholic question, etc."

On the 13th, four days later, in reference to Mr. Peel's answer:—

"In the mean time I tell you that I have communicated your papers to the chancellor alone; Goulburn is not in town, and I have not shown him my papers, nor done more than merely mention the subject to him. *Moreover I told the king that it should go no farther than to you and the lord chancellor in this stage.*"

A hasty reading of the second letter may have misled Sir Henry into the impression that the duke had requested leave to impart his intentions to two cabinet ministers, as well as to one or two of the bishops. We need hardly say that no such leave was necessary, so far as the other cabinet ministers were concerned.

* The correspondence is printed in the "Memoir" by the late Sir Robert Peel, published since his death by the Trustees of his Papers, Lord Mahon (now Earl Stanhope) and Mr. Cardwell. Part I. "The Roman Catholic question," 1828-9, pp. 180-201.

In 1823, Miss Wynn went abroad with her mother, Lady Charlotte Williams Wynn, who was intimately acquainted with the (then) Dowager Queen of Wirtemberg, *née* Princess Royal of England.

"STUTTGARD: Oct. 1823.—In the midst of the incessant gossip of the queen dowager, the subject of which is almost always *herself* and *her family*, some curious grains may be collected from a quantity of useless chaff. There is no topic on which she seems to me to show such good sense as in speaking of Napoleon. I heard her say: 'It was of course very painful to me to receive him with civility; but I had no choice; the least failure on my part might have been a sufficient pretence for depriving my husband and children of this kingdom. It was one of the occasions on which it was absolutely necessary to *faire bonne mine à mauvais jeu*. To me he was always perfectly civil.' I have since heard that he gave her facilities for correspondence with her own family, at the time that the state of Europe would otherwise have made it nearly impossible. The queen, who is always trying to puff off the conjugal tenderness of her husband, told my mother that he left it to her option whether she would receive Napoleon. She said, 'I could not hesitate; it was my duty.' I do not give her any credit for a determination so perfectly natural; few women *would*, I think, have hesitated under the same circumstances, even if the option given her was not an order given in a more polite form. I do give her much credit for the honest candor with which she *now* speaks of the fallen conqueror, though perfectly aware that it is very disagreeable to most of the members of her own family, and especially to the king. The Queen of Bavaria was not as wise; and upon some occasion when Napoleon was incensed at some slight from her, he said she should remember what she was but for him, *la fille d'un misérable petit Margrave (Baden)*, and imitate the conduct of the Queen of Wirtemberg, *la fille du plus grand Roi de la Terre*.

"The queen said that the great preparations made in the palaces at Stuttgart for the reception of Napoleon were not with her approbation, and that she said to the king, '*Mon ami, vous devriez faire le pauvre au lieu d'étaler vos richesses, si vous ne voulez pas avoir de fortes contributions à payer.*' It was ridiculous enough to hear her say how, when Napoleon admired the Lyons embroidery, and said 'I cannot have such at the Tuileries,' she told him it was her work, adding, 'God forgive me; that was a lie.' When he made the same observation on some other instance of magnificence, she told him it was all done by the *Duc, mon beau-père*,

and in relating this, added the same corrective. She said the manners of Napoleon were extremely *brusque*, even when he was making the civil. She had seen both Josephine and Marie Louise with him; and seems to have been less pleased with the manners of the former than most persons who saw her.

"Napoleon used to play at whist in the evening, but not for money, playing ill and inattentively. One evening when the queen dowager was playing with him against her husband and his daughter (the Queen of Westphalia, the wife of Jerome), the king stopped Napoleon, who was taking up a trick that belonged to them, saying, '*Sire, on ne joue pas ici en conquérant.*'

"The queen spoke much of her father, of his recovery from his first illness; mentioned the story one has often heard of his wish to read 'King Lear,' which the doctors refused him, and which he got in spite of them by asking for Colman's works, in which he knew he should find the play as altered by him for the stage. This I had often heard; but the affecting sequel was quite new to me, and fatiguing as the visits to Louisbourg are, I wished I had been there to have heard it from the queen's own mouth. When the three elder princesses went in to the king, he told them what he had been reading. He said, 'It is very beautiful, very affecting, and very awful;' adding, 'I am like poor Lear; but, thank God, I have no Regan, no Goneril, but three Cordelias.' The queen wept in relating this, and my mother says she felt as if she could have done the same."

In the autumn of 1825, Miss Wynn had the good fortune to fall in with General Alava, who would bear a detailed biography far better than many who, willingly or unwillingly, have been subjected to that critical test. He was of a good Spanish family, although not of the highest rank. He first entered the navy, and had attained the rank of captain, when he was taken prisoner on board the "Santissima Trinidad" at Trafalgar. On being liberated he gave up the naval profession for the military, and figured as an adherent of King Joseph till 1811; when, for some unexplained reason, he changed sides, and not long afterward we find him attached to Lord Wellington's staff as Spanish commissioner, with the rank of brigadier-general. His gallantry and coolness speedily made him a favorite with the English commander-in-chief; and their proximity in the hour of danger, as well as the degree of intimacy on which they stood toward each other, are amusingly illustrated by the chaplain

general (Dr. Gleig), who, after mentioning that the duke, at the battle of Orthes, received a severe contusion from a ball, which struck his swordguard with such violence as to throw him to the ground, adds: "He was on his feet again, however, in a moment, and in a condition to laugh at the Spanish general, Alava, who had likewise been wounded almost at the same instant in that fleshy and very sensitive part of the body, any accident to which is apt to excite the mirth rather than the sympathy of lookers-on."*

Another story runs that, on the evening of the battle of Quatre Bras, Alava found the duke sitting on a bank with some papers on his knees: "Oh, is that you, Alava? Were you at the Duchess's (of Richmond's) ball last night?" "His tone and manner," added Alava, in relating the incident, "were enough; I felt that all would go right."

Alava's politics were Liberal; and on his return to his own country, he got into trouble by taking the losing side in 1825. He was obliged to fly from Spain for a period; and, after several alternations of fortune, we find him in England during the Reform Bill agitation, when he was suspected, perhaps unjustly, of communicating what he had heard at Walmer Castle to Earl Gray. At all events, strong differences of opinion led to a partial estrangement between him and the duke. In 1833, he was appointed Spanish minister to the Court of St. James's; an appointment which he retained for several years, besides being charged with a special mission to France in 1834. He died at Barèges in 1841.†

Alava talked well, and knew it. He prided himself on his excellence as a *raconteur*. His versions of remarkable incidents, moreover, are always valuable from the means of information which he undoubtedly possessed.

"AIX-LA-CHAPELLE: Oct. 9th.—I am hearing from General Alava a great deal about all those of whom history will one day talk a great deal and tell much that he could contradict on personal knowledge; for instance, he was present when Cambronne was taken, and when he is said to have made the speech so often repeated, and so often commented upon, '*La Garde meurt et ne se rend pas*.'"

* The Life of Arthur, first Duke of Wellington, etc., p. 272.

† For further details of Alava's life, see Lord Holland's "Foreign Reminiscences," p. 159; "Larpet's Journal," vol. iii. p. 41; and *Ed. Rev.*, vol. xciii. p. 160.

He did not say this or anything else, only screamed for a surgeon to dress his wound, having quietly surrendered."

The well-authenticated English version is, that when the French Guards fell back, Colonel Halkett, who had marked out Cambronne, dashed at him with uplifted sword, and was on the point of cutting him down, when Cambronne cried out to him to hold his hand, and surrendered. Just afterward, Halkett's horse fell, and Cambronne made an attempt to escape, but was overtaken by the colonel, who pulled him back by the aiguillette and delivered him over to a guard of Osnabruckers.* Cambronne himself always denied the historic *mot* attributed to him, which, according to M. Fournier ("*l'Esprit dans l'Histoire*"), was invented by M. Rougemont, the editor of the *Independent*, in which journal it originally appeared. To return to Alava:—

"He saw the famous correspondence which passed between Fouché and Carnot at the period of the Restoration, when the former, as minister of police, was sending all the proscribed into exile. Carnot wrote, '*Où veux-tu que j'aille, Traître?*' Fouché replied, '*Où tu voudras, Imbécille.*'"

This story is told with slight variation in the posthumous "*Mémoires*" of Fouché: but the apocryphal character of that book has hitherto led many to regard it as a mere *conte pour rire* adroitly fitted to the characters. Alava's confirmation is therefore by no means superfluous.

"I am still," continues Miss Wynn, "after all I have heard in Majorca, astonished at the manner in which Madame de Coigny, a professed *dévot*, Alava, and the Prince Pierre d'Aremberg, talk before us heretics of their bishops, cardinals, legates, and even their popes. Alava was telling us of the legate in Spain during the reign of Charles III. He had some discussion with Aranda, then minister, and refused some boon requested for Spain, detailing with great pomp his fears lest the interests of their holy faith might suffer by such concessions. Aranda, provoked at last, said, 'How can you bring forward such arguments to me, who know that you are an Atheist as well as myself?' The *pious* legate quietly replied, '*E vero, ma questo non si dice.*'"

"Alava amused me in telling of the same man, the manner in which he received the often-repeated question of that fool, Charles

* Siborne's "History of the War in France and Belgium," vol. ii. p. 220.

IV., who made all around him observe the striking resemblance between his son, Don Francisco de Paula, and the Prince of Peace. The sneer with which the legate first looked at the queen, then at Manuel, and replied, '*E vero, Sire,*' was very well described. They all speak of the present pope (Leo XII.) as having been *fier libertin*, and are not shy of letting you see that they consider his present austerity as mere hypocrisy. Of the late pope (Pius VII.) they speak with the veneration which his character seems to demand from all, but which is certainly not felt by the bigoted Catholics, who cannot endure his liberal ideas. They were speaking of the time that he passed in confinement at Fontainebleau. Napoleon wanted to force him to consent to measures which his conscience disapproved, and one day, tired out, said to one of his ministers (Fouché, * I believe), 'Why do not you try what ill-treatment can do? Short of torture, I authorize you to employ every means.' The reply was, '*Mais, sire, que voulez vous que l'on fasse d'un homme qui laisse geler l'eau dans son bénitier sans se plaindre de n'avoir pas du feu dans sa chambre?*'

"One evening we talked of that extraordinary personage the Prince de Ligne, who for fourscore years had lived with every person of distinction in Europe, and who, to the last moment, preserved not only every useful faculty but wit and gayety besides. He preserved also to the last a singular facility of versification, and was particularly fond of writing epitaphs on himself. They say that he must have written about five hundred, generally impromptu, and of course worthless."

He was always writing about himself in prose as well as in verse. Amongst the heads of chapters in his "*Mémoires et mélanges*" we find; "*De Moi pendant le jour,*" "*De Moi pendant la nuit,*" "*De Moi encore,*" "*Mémoire pour mon cœur,*" "*Mes écarts,*" "*ou Ma tête en liberté.*"

"*Apropos* Madame de Coigny told us an anecdote of that famous progress which Catherine la Grande made through the southern part of her empire, and which the Prince de Ligne has so well described. She was attended by the ministers of the three great European powers. They arrived at Kiow. She first asked the Austrian Cobenzel what he thought of the town. He made a set speech on the ruins of the ancient town, contrasting them with the new buildings which

* In the "*Mémoires*," Fouché is made to say that Napoleon, knowing his repugnance to violent measures against the pope, never trusted him with the conduct of them.

she had made, and of course extracting from that part of the subject a long tirade of compliment, etc. When this oration was ended, Catherine turns to Ségur, the French minister, '*Et vous, monsieur, qu'en pensez vous?*' '*Madame, il me semble que Kiow offre le souvenir d'un grand empire et l'espoir d'un autre.*'* Catherine then says: '*A votre tour, monsieur Fitzherbert (afterward Lord St. Helens), qu'en dites-vous?*' '*Ma foi, madame, je trouve que c'est le plus vilain trou que nous ayons encore vu dans notre route.*' Madame de Coigny says she has laughed at Lord St. Helens about this speech; that he replied that everything that was pretty, everything flattering, had been said, and as he could not repeat that, nothing remained him but the plain truth. She added, '*C'est si Anglais.*'"

Ségur tells this story somewhat differently and less pointedly. The Prince de Ligne, who joined the imperial suite at Kiow, does not mention the incident; but in his "*Portrait*" of Catherine he mentions a reply of his own, rivalling that of the English diplomat in bluntness: "*'Avouez,' me dit-elle, en me montrant son nouveau palais de Moscou, 'que voilà une magnifique enfildé.'*" '*C'est,* répondis-je, '*la beauté d'un hôpital; mais pour une résidence, c'est pitoyable.*'"

"I did not know, till I heard it from Alava, the exact circumstances of the first arrival of the news of the battle of Waterloo in London. It seems that one morning a partner of the house of Rothschild came to Lord Liverpool, informed him that he had a few hours before received the glorious news, or at least the bare outline; that, having made all the advantage which this exclusive knowledge could give him on the stock market, he now came to impart it to Government. He would not answer any inquiries as to the means by which he had acquired the intelligence, could not give any particulars, only repeated the assurances of the truth of the information. Lord Liverpool thought it cruel, on such vague foundations, to raise hopes or fears. To one of his colleagues, Vansittart (I think), who happened to come in, he told the circumstance, and they agreed to conceal it from every other human being till more was known. There was a cabinet dinner that day at Lord Harrowby's; not one word was said respecting the news, and Lord Liverpool was returning home full of anxiety. In the street his carriage was stopped by an unknown, who, with some apology, said that he was just come from Downing Street; that a carriage with six horses dressed with lau-

* Kiow was the capital of the ancient empire of Muscovy.

rels, French eagles, and colors hanging out of the windows, had arrived; that the glorious news was instantly spread; and that the messenger was gone to Lord Harrowby's in pursuit of him through another street from that in which he was met.

"This, I think, I heard at the time, but certainly till now never heard the thing accounted for. It seems that the Duke of Wellington, after writing his despatch home, said to Pozzo di Borgo, 'Will you write to Louis XVIII. at Ghent? Tell him only that Napoleon is utterly defeated; that in less than a fortnight I shall be in possession of Paris, and hope very soon after to see him reinstated. Say that excessive fatigue prevents me from writing.'* A messenger was of course immediately sent off to Ghent. When he arrived, Louis and his little court happened to be assembled at breakfast in a room whose windows down to the ground were wide open. The embraces, the ejaculations, of course instantly apprised those under the windows of the arrival of good news. Among these was a spy from the house of Rothschild, who had many days been upon the watch. He no sooner heard the news than he rode post to Ostend; there, happening to find a small vessel just sailing, he embarked and got one tide before the English messenger, who arrived shortly afterward."

The difficulty of verifying this incident, or even of ascertaining the precise date of the arrival of the news, may be cited as an additional argument for collecting and collating contemporary testimony touching memorable events before it degenerates into hearsay or tradition. It will be remembered that, not long since, we were vainly endeavoring to decide on what day, or hour of the day, the news of the escape of Napoleon from Elba reached the Congress of Vienna, and whether the first to receive and communicate it was Prince Metternich, the Duke of Wellington, or Talleyrand.† We have found it a common belief that the crowning victory of Waterloo was known in London on the 20th. The official intelligence did not arrive till late on the night of Wednesday, the 21st; and until its arrival the Cabinet were still in complete ignorance of the fact. This may be collected from the narrative of the Knight of Kerry (the Right Honorable Maurice Fitzgerald), who, at the earnest request of Sir Pulteney Malcolm, hurried over with the news of Ligny

* The duke himself wrote to this effect to Louis XVIII. on the morning of the 19th; but it is highly probable that a brief announcement of the victory was despatched at once.

† *Ed. Rev.*, vol. cxii. p. 235.

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and Quatre Bras; he started on the 18th, and did not reach London till Tuesday, the 20th, at half-past 4 p.m. The Cabinet met immediately to receive and consider the intelligence, and he saw the Foreign Secretary (Lord Castlereagh) again the next morning, when he was assured that nothing was yet known of the result of the final struggle. That same day (the 21st) there was a ministerial dinner at Lord Harrowby's in Grosvenor Square; but Lord Bathurst, who was the Colonial and War Secretary, was not at that dinner; and the despatches from the duke, brought by Major Percy,* were addressed to him. His residence was in Mansfield Street; and after dining at home, he had strolled out, restless and anxious, and thus missed the messenger, who drove first to his house, and, not finding him, went straight to Lord Harrowby's. There some difficulty occurred from the unwillingness of Major Percy to deliver his despatches to any one but Lord Bathurst. He was at length persuaded to entrust them to Lord Liverpool, the prime minister.

It was felt instinctively that the victory had cost dear, and eager and passionate were the inquiries pressed upon every one who had been at Lord Harrowby's or had got speech of Major Percy. Amongst these was a gentleman, the son of a cabinet minister, who had gone from Lady Jersey's in Berkeley Square, at the earnest request of a distinguished party assembled there, in company with Earl Grey, and now hurried back to sadden or gladden as he could. "Has the duke escaped?"—"Without a scratch." "William and Frederic Ponsonby?"—"Both killed."† "Frederick Howard?"—"Killed." "Gordon?"—"Killed." "Fitzroy Somerset?"—"Lost an arm." "Lord Uxbridge?"—"Lost a leg." "Have the Guards suffered?"—"Dreadfully." Within ten minutes the rooms were deserted; and the interlocutors had all stolen away to spread their scanty and disjointed information, or to mourn over it.

The news up to the evening of the 17th (including Ligny and Quatre Bras) was published in *The Times* of the 21st, on the infor-

* The Honorable Major Percy, brother of the present Earl of Beverley. Every other officer of the duke's personal staff was killed or wounded in the action.

† Sir Frederic Ponsonby was left for dead upon the field. Sir William was killed.

mation of Mr. Sutton, proprietor of the passage vessels plying between Ostend and Colchester. It was tolerably correct as to Quatre Bras; but, by a strange coincidence, it assigned to the Prussians on the 17th the precise position which they attained by an heroic effort on the 18th. "The Prussians having on their part approximated to the English in the course of the day (the 17th), the junction of the two armies of Blucher and Wellington was effected at Genappe, where Wellington slept on Friday night." This recalls another historical error, which has unluckily been perpetuated by the pencil of genius on walls set apart for historic or poetic truth. In the Seventh Report of the Commission on the Fine Arts (1847), the subject recommended for the large compartment on the east side of the Royal Gallery leading to the House of Lords is: "Waterloo: The Meeting of Wellington and Blucher." The execution of the design was allotted to Mr. Maclise, who, after diligent inquiry, and with the full sanction of the Commission, followed the popular belief in fixing the place of meeting at La Belle Alliance. It was not until the publication of the tenth volume of the "Supplementary Despatches," that the duke's personal testimony on the point was adduced. In a letter to Mr. Mudford, dated June 8th, 1816, he wrote:—

"A remarkable instance of the falsehoods, circulated through the evidence of unofficial despatches, is to be found in the report of a meeting between Marshal Blucher and me at La Belle Alliance, and some have gone so far as to have seen the chair in which I sat down in the farmhouse. It happens that the meeting took place after ten at night, at the village of Genappe, and anybody who attempts to describe with truth the operations of the different armies will see that it could not be otherwise."

Captain Gronow has gone so far as to say that he was present, with other officers, at the meeting at La Belle Alliance. Confidently as the duke writes, there are strong reasons for suspecting that he was mistaken as to the precise place. It is clear from French official accounts that the French did not abandon Genappe till past eleven; from the Prussian, that Blucher and his staff did not reach it till near midnight; and the probability is that the real place of meeting (as stated in the "Story of Waterloo," by Dr. Gleig) was at a farm or hamlet called *Mai-*

son du Roi or *Maison Rouge*, some miles from the battle-field. In Mr. Maclise's picture, the signs of recent and bloody conflict are crowded into the scene with all the prodigality of inventive genius,—from the ground heaped with the dying and the dead, to the shattered farm-building with the dead pigeons on the rafters. The artist's fame will, of course, rest on his treatment of the subject from his own and the popular point of view; but it is not the less to be regretted that historical accuracy should be thus set at nought without even the poor excuse of a tradition or a myth.

There is a passage in the leading article of *The Times* of Thursday, the 22d, announcing the victory, which partially confirms the Rothschild agent story:—

"Those who attended to the operations of the Stock Exchange yesterday (21st) were persuaded that the news of the day before would be followed up by something still more brilliant and decisive. *Omnium* rose in the course of the day to six per cent. premium, and some houses, generally supposed to possess the best information, were among the purchasers."

Amongst the many specimens of rich and varied conversations, that of the Lords Braybrooke merits particular notice:—

"APRIL, 1810.—Looking at the fine full-length portrait of John, Duke of Marlborough, Lord Braybrooke told us some interesting and curious anecdotes of him. When this great man at a very advanced age was called to attend a council on the best mode of defence from a threatened invasion, he gave his opinion with his usual firmness and penetration. Afterward he said that for above fifty years he had served his country, and should be happy to do so still, but that he was aware his faculties were impaired. At present, he added, he was fully conscious of his deficiency, but he feared the time might soon come when he was no longer aware of it. He therefore made it his earnest request that he might never more be summoned to council, and that if elsewhere on any occasion he expressed an opinion, no importance should be attached to it, or deference paid to it.

"It is melancholy to reflect how low was the degradation of that mind whose decaying powers were equal to such an act of magnanimity, after having had more to gratify his vanity, first as the finest, gayest man in Europe, then as its greatest general, and afterward as its greatest negotiator and statesman; after all this in a state of complete imbecility, an absolute driveller, he was actu-

ally exhibited by his servants to all who chose to give an additional fee after having stared at all the magnificence of Blenheim. *In this manner my grandfather (then a lad just entered at Oxford) beheld the wreck of this great man, and has often described the melancholy spectacle to Lord Braybrooke."*

This is a striking commentary on Pope's well-known line—

"From Marlborough's eyes the streams of do-tage flow."

It is the plausible theory of an eminent ultra-liberal politician that great men should never be consulted or listened to in advanced age, because their authority increases as their judgment declines. This was spoken, we believe, with especial reference to the Iron Duke, whose attachment to "Brown Bess" was within an ace of causing the British army to be sent to the Crimea without the weapon—the Minié rifle—which went far to decide both Alma and Inkerman.

"A similar instance of conscious decay and of magnanimity, perhaps even superior to the Duke of Marlborough, was at the same time mentioned. The late Admiral Barrington being called upon by the Admiralty to take the command of the fleet, refused it, saying that his mental powers were so weakened that he was no longer equal to a situation of so much importance, but that he thought himself still very well able to act under another, though not to command; he therefore requested to be second. In the course of the following year his weakness had so increased that he quarrelled with the Admiralty for not placing him in that situation for which he had himself told them he was unfit.

"Some anecdotes were mentioned a few days before of a person who, in a very different way, could boast of a superiority as prominent as the Duke of Marlborough's; I mean the celebrated Lady Coventry. From old Sheridan (the father of Richard Brinsley) Lord Braybrooke heard some curious anecdotes of her early life. Mrs. Gunning (her mother) consulted Sheridan as to what she should do with her two beautiful but penniless daughters. He recommended that they should be presented at the castle; here a great difficulty occurred,—by what possible means were they to procure court dresses? This Sheridan obviated; he was at that time manager of the Dublin theatre, and offered them a loan of the stage dresses of Lady Macbeth and Juliet. In these they appeared most lovely, and Sheridan, after having attended the toilet, claimed a salute from each as his

reward. Very soon after this a most diabolical scheme was formed by some unprincipled young men; they invited Mrs. Gunning and her two daughters to dinner, and infused strong narcotics in the wine, intending to take advantage of the intoxication which must ensue to carry off the two young women. Fortunately Sheridan discovered their base designs, and arrived just in time to rescue the ladies. Sheridan lived to see one of these girls Duchess of Argyle, and the other Countess of Coventry; and, it is melancholy to add, lived to see his application for admission to their parties rejected.

"Lady Coventry enjoyed one very singular triumph. Having one day casually mentioned to the king that she could not walk in the Mall because the crowd who came to gaze at her pressed round her in a way that was quite alarming, His Majesty gallantly exclaimed that the finest woman in England should not be prevented from gracing the Mall. He desired that, whenever she wished to walk, she would send notice to the captain upon guard, and at the same time ordered that she should be attended by a sergeant's guard. She walked several times with this train; of course the crowd increased; but they were prevented from pressing upon her, and her vanity, which was excessive, must have received the highest gratification in this singular distinction."

The strangest stories that can be told of the Gunnings will not surprise readers conversant with the social history of the period in which they flourished. Mrs. Piozzi relates that, soon after their arrival in London to seek their fortunes, they were the subject of a trick, played off by Thrale and Murphy, which would hardly have been hazarded with young women of recognized respectability. Yet they were of a good family, and their mother was the daughter of a peer. Walpole confirms the story of their borrowing their court dresses to attend a castle drawing-room from the theatre, adding that the lender was Mrs. (Peg) Woffington; and he moreover asserts that they once had serious thoughts of going upon the stage. Writing of them in 1751, when they were in the heyday of their fashion, he says: "There are two Irish girls of no fortune, who are declared the handsomest women alive. I think their being two so handsome, and both such perfect figures, is their chief excellence; for, singly, I have seen much handsomer figures than either: however, they can't walk in the Park, or go to Vauxhall, but such mobs follow them

that they are therefore driven away." This being so, it is not improbable that orders were given to the officer on guard, which would bear the flattering interpretation put upon them by one of the fair disturbers of the peace. The credit of this act of gallantry, if it was one, was due to George II.; for Lady Coventry died in September, 1760, in her twenty-seventh year, of a consumption. Till within a few days of her death, she lay on a couch with a looking-glass in her hand. "When she found her beauty, which she idolized, was quite gone, she took to her bed and would be seen by nobody—not even by her nurse, suffering only the light of a lamp in her room. She then took leave of her husband, who had forgiven her errors, and died with the utmost resignation."*

Moore says that, when Richard Brinsley Sheridan was in the brilliant dawn of his dramatic fame, after the success of "The Rivals," the Duchess of Devonshire, the established queen of fashion, long hesitated as to the propriety of inviting "the player's son" and his lovely wife, Reynolds's St. Cecilia, to her parties. We may easily guess, therefore, why the new duchess and the new countess hesitated to ask the player himself to theirs.

Within the memory of many of the existing generation, one of the best known figures in St. James Street, and an assiduous frequenter of its clubs, was the Baron Osten, formerly of the German Legion, a gallant officer and estimable man, but of a somewhat lean, dry, and bilious complexion. His claim to distinction consisted in his having had a miraculous escape from the jaws of a lion, who, after muzzling him for a few minutes, let him dropp. The jokers maintained that he owed his life to his bitterness; and Sydney Smith, after expatiating in his peculiar vein on the topic, was wont to make it the basis of a theory for curing cannibals of their taste for human flesh. "Send them Rogers," he would say; "and, if that does not spoil their relish, try them with J. W. C.; for even if they manage to get him down, he is sure to disagree with them." The actual adventure, as rescued from obscurity by Miss Wynn, was well worth commemorating, although not quite so much in accordance with the theory as could be wished.

Walpole's *Memoirs of the Reign of King George III.*, vol. iii. p. 190, note.

Baron Osten's Account of his Escape from the jaws of the Lion in 1827, transcribed from his own MS. (Extract from his Journal.)

"MAY 20th, 1827.—We heard again of some bullocks having been killed in the same jungle where we had killed three lions on the fourteenth. On the strength of this information we set out immediately, and found a whole family of lions. We killed five; but I had a very narrow escape of being killed by one of them. After having killed four, I had wounded a fifth, and Grant with five pad-elephants was beating toward me, when he roused the wounded lion, who immediately attacked and wounded one of the elephants. He then came straight at me. I bent a little forwards over the howdah to take a steady aim at him, when unfortunately the fore-part of the howdah gave way, and I fell with all my guns right on the top of the lion, who immediately seized hold of me. I broke my left arm in the fall, and got a severe blow from the lion on the head, which considerably stunned me. I felt, and recollect however, that he was tearing at my right arm, and I can never forget the horrible gnarling noise he made. Grant's and all the other elephants turned tail and ran away, so that I was left alone, helpless, in the jaws of the lion. How I got out of it alive is to me a miracle, and I cannot account for it otherwise than by giving credit to my Mahout's statement. He says that his elephant backed about fifty yards, but that he succeeded after some time in driving her up close to the lion, when she took hold of a young tree and bent it with great force over the lion's back, when he relinquished his prey, and was soon after killed by one of the Chikarees (chasseurs on foot). When I came to my senses I found my left arm broke, a severe contusion on my head, and eleven wounds from teeth and claws in my right arm."

Another specimen of the stories and adventures related in this volume on good authority, is the following, told by the ex-chancellor, Lord Loughborough, afterward Earl of Rosslyn, to vindicate the plot of Miss Joanna Baillie's play on the passion of Hate:—

"JANUARY, 1828.—Mrs. Kemble told me that at the period of the first appearance of 'De Montfort,' when everybody was decrying the possibility of the existence of hatred so diabolical, and were calling it quite beyond the bounds of nature, the subject was one day discussed at dinner at Lord Rosslyn's. He replied that in real life he had known an instance of hatred still more inveterate, and related the following story:—

"At a large school in the country a rebel-

lion took place among the boys. The master, very anxious to know the name of the ring-leader, at length, either by threats or bribes, or both, induced one of the boys to disclose the name of a boy named Davison. He was of course severely punished and expelled, carrying away with him sentiments of deadly hate instead of the affection he had formerly felt for his schoolfellow. Many years intervened, during which they never had the least intercourse. The young man who had peached went to the East Indies. He returned, and landed on the coast of Devonshire. Stopping to dine at a small inn, he inquired of the waiter what gentlemen lived in the neighborhood; and hearing that the squire of the parish was a Mr. Davison, the name struck him; he thought he recollected that his former schoolfellow used to talk of his home in Devonshire, and while his dinner was getting ready he determined to go to the squire's house. A maid-servant opened the door; he sent in his name, saying that, if Mr. Davison had been educated at such a school he would recollect it. He was introduced, and most cordially received by his schoolfellow, whom he found laid up with a fit of the gout, and was pressed to dine, with many apologies for bad fare, etc., Mr. Davison having unfortunately given permission to all his servants to go to a neighboring place, and having kept only the woman who was his nurse.

"Mr. Davison appeared so rejoiced in talking over old stories with his friend, and pressed him so strongly to be charitable enough to pass another day with him, that at last he consented. Next morning the unfortunate guest was found with his throat cut from ear to ear. Of course the maid-servant was taken up on suspicion: indeed, as it seemed impossible from its nature that the wound should have been self-inflicted, and as she was the only creature in the house excepting her master, who was unable to move, there did not seem a doubt. The trial came on: Mr. Davison appeared as prosecutor; Lord Rosslyn was his counsel. In spite of the poor girl's protestations of innocence, the case seemed nearly decided, when Mr. Davison sent a note to his counsel desiring him to ask the girl whether she had heard any noise in the night: Lord Rosslyn objected; but his client insisted. This seems to have been one of those strange perversions of intellect by which guilt is ordained to betray itself when all the artifice which had accompanied it is lulled asleep. What could have been the object of this inquiry does not appear: its effect was fatal. The girl replied that she recollected hearing a noise along the passage, which had awakened her, but that, having been much fatigued during the day, she was too sleepy to get up to inquire the cause:

more questions were asked; the noises and various other circumstances described; suspicions arose against Mr. Davison; and the business ended in his avowing himself the murderer. He said that from the moment in which he first beheld the face of his old schoolfellow, he had determined upon revenging his ancient quarrel by the death of the offender. He had crawled on hands and knees from his own room to that of his unfortunate guest, and unable to support himself without the use of his hands, had found great difficulty in opening the door, but, helping himself by his teeth, had at last achieved it, reached the bed, and perpetrated the horrid deed! He had then crawled back and had contrived to free himself from all blood-stains before he got into his own bed. It was the extraordinary noise made by his crawling which had disturbed the maid-servant, and, at last, led to his detection."

If this sudden plunge into crime runs counter to all common theories of human nature, so certainly does the following anecdote of Hyder Ally's burst of sensibility:—

"JUNE, 1824.—I heard the other day from Miss Stables a singular instance of the power of music, which I am anxious to remember because it is so well authenticated. When her father was a very young man he followed his regiment into the East Indies. Upon some occasion (I forget what) this regiment gave a dinner to that savage tyrant, Hyder Ally, who a short time after returned the compliment by sending the greater part of those present to the far-famed Black Hole. During dinner the regimental band played, and at last played *God save the King*. Hyder Ally appeared much struck, and fainted at last from emotion. Mr. Stables was one of those who assisted in removing him from the dining-room, and who, standing by when he recovered, heard him exclaim, 'Is your king a god that you adore him with such music as that?'"

It is an amusing blunder of Miss Wynn, or of her informant, to suppose that Hyder Ally, the Sultan of Mysore, sent the British to the Black Hole of Calcutta; but we are afraid such mistakes in Indian geography and history are not uncommon among ladies of quality.

"During the Christmas season of 1805-6, the Marquis of Buckingham had lavished the hospitality of Stowe upon the exiled royal family of France."* This not very gra-

* "Courts and Cabinets of George III." By the Duke of Buckingham and Chandos, K. G., vol. iii. p. 3.

ciously recorded instance is one amongst many in which that splendid hospitality was accepted by the exiled French princes, and the most distinguished of the emigrants. Miss Wynn consequently saw a great deal of them; and one of her reminiscences has a direct bearing on a question we had recently occasion to discuss;* namely, whether the narrative entitled "*Les dernières Heures de Louis XVI.*," printed in the seventeenth volume of "*Memoirs on the Revolution*," was the *bonâ fide* composition of the Abbé Edgeworth.

"**Stowe:** Jan. 9th (no year).—This morning I have been very much interested by an account given us of some of the horrors of the revolution by the Duke de Sirent. He read to us a history of the last moments of Louis XVI., written by Abbé Edgeworth at the request of the brothers of that unfortunate monarch. In the history there was little that we did not know before from Clery's and other publications, but every particular became doubly interesting; first, from being so authenticated, but still more from the extreme emotion of the reader. This was peculiarly striking when, in describing the anxiety expressed by the king respecting the fate of the clergy, the abbé says he informed him of the kind, hospitable reception they had met with in this country; upon which the king forcibly expressed his gratitude toward the English for the protection they had afforded to his unfortunate subjects. At these words the poor old man's voice faltered, and his eyes filled as he looked toward Lady B.

"The most striking circumstance mentioned by Edgeworth is a speech of the deputy of the National Assembly who was ordered to accompany him in the *fiacre* which carried him from the National Assembly to the melancholy abode of the condemned monarch. After very little communication on indifferent subjects, the man suddenly exclaimed, '*Mon Dieu, quelle tâche nous avons à remplir. Quel homme! quelle résignation! quel courage! il faut qu'il y ait là quelque chose de surhumain.*' After this speech the abbé had the prudence to preserve perfect silence; he thought that, though he might be able to work on the mind of this man, it was still more likely, considering the short time they had to pass together, that he

* *Ed. Rev.*, No. cxxi. p. 145.

might only exasperate him and be denied the permission of seeing the unfortunate king. The behavior of Louis in these last trying moments exhibits proofs, not only of his uncommon piety, resignation, and meekness, but also of fortitude and resolution, which appear little to accord with the general weakness and indecision of his character. In reading this melancholy history it was singular to see that the duke appeared to be most affected by some trifling instances of degradation which we might otherwise have overlooked. For instance, when Louis was described as receiving the sacrament *sans prie-dieu, sans coussins*, in a small bedroom without any furniture but *trois mauvaises chaises en cuir*, he was deeply affected, probably from the having so frequently been an eye-witness of all the splendor which used to attend this ceremony.

"Afterward the duke gave us the account of his escape from Paris with the sons of the Comte d'Artois, the Duc d'Angoulême and the Duke de Berri. These children were entrusted to him, not only by their father, but by the king, who both seem on this occasion to have given evident proofs of indecision and weakness of mind."

No one was better qualified to judge of the authenticity of the narrative he read aloud at Stowe than the Duke de Sirent, and the fair inference from Miss Wynn's account of it, noted down from memory, is that it was identical with the printed one.

It was this lady's practice to transcribe remarkable letters as well as narratives, and she has kept copies of some very striking letters from Lady Hester Stanhope, Southey, Sir R. Wilmot Horton, Mrs. Piozzi, Bishop Heber, etc. But the utmost space we can devote to her miscellaneous collection of curiosities is exhausted; and we trust we have quoted enough to show how much attractive material for social, literary, or political illustration may be accumulated by persons similarly situated and endowed, if they make a diligent and discriminating use of their opportunities. We have been indulged with access to the sheets of this volume, which is now, we believe, on the eve of publication; and we have no doubt that it will be received with favor and read with interest by a considerable class of society.

ROME, NAPLES, LONDON.

THE WELCOMES OF GARIBALDI.

I SAW three sisters ; each of them a queen :
One, with a stern, square face, and regal brow,
Deep-lined where pressure of a crown had been,
With no crown save a priest's tiara, now.
Mottled her garb ; alb, chasuble, and cope,
Which, as her chafing still their folds would ope,
Beneath a tattered flamen's gown did show,
Or an imperial toga's Tyrian sheen,
Frayed, and besmirched with blood, and with
debauch unclean.

Deep-bosomed and strong-limbed and heavy-
browed,
She sat like one that on a mighty past
Looks backward dreamily, from out a shroud
Of sin and shame and suffering round her cast,
Yet with an eager quivering of the nerves,
A memory of old conquest in the curves
Of her proud lip, lightnings that faded fast,
Yet still flashed up, under her eyebrows' cloud,
Saying to men, "Beware ! I am not crushed,
though bowed."

More slight the Second Queen ; a sweeter face,
Where Eastern languor tempered Southern fire ;
Motions that gave to mirth their easiest grace,
But swept, in sudden storms, from mirth to ire :
The summer sun seemed seething in her blood,
The summer sky seemed mirrored in her mood ;
So beautiful, so changeful ; from desire
To loathing, from chill frown to hot embrace,
Her passionate gusts, like clouds, did each the
other chase.

Bright vine-leaves wreathed her purple-glossy
hair,
With gray-green olive, and gold-tasselled maize :
All gray and parti-colored was her wear ;
Half peasant's, half-princess's were her ways.
Blithe, buoyant, careless of to-morrow's fate,
So but to-day took mirthfulness for mate ;
Ready for ban or blessing, scorn or praise ;
For those who won her love with love to spare ;
For those who earned her hate with a stiletto
bare.

Sober and strong the third ; of colder hue
And blunter features ; yet a true-born queen ;
The pure life telling in the brawny thew,
The honest nature in the eye serene.
The muscles knit with toil, whose tools did
stand,
Mattock and spade and hammer, near her hand,
Yet not far off might other gear be seen,
Sword, bayonet, rifle, grooved and sighted true ;
Unhacked, unbruised, unused they might have
been,
Yet yare, and fit for use,—blades sharp and bar-
rels clean.

Crowned with fair towers she was, and from all
lands
Trophies of art and industry, and spoils
Of labor and the chase, within her hands

She largely grasped ; a mighty cable's coils
Her pillared neck, like Celtic tore of old
Circled with strands of triple-twisted gold.
She looked like one who, honoring manly toils,
Yet fit for more than sordid slaving stands,
And by a higher law than gold's her life com-
mands.

These sisters communed curiously of one
Now in all mouths,—one who among us came,
Though with no visible crown upon his brow,
King, crowned by deeds and consecrate by flame.
They knew him all the three, honored and loved ;
But question rose wherefore so greatly moved
Was that Third Queen, by one, to her, a name,
No liberator, at whose feet to bow,
So love can but be shown, not recking where or
how.

Quoth the First Queen, "For me he met the
Gaul,
And beat him baffled back, one man to ten ;
Held battered bastion long, and half-breached
wall,
And bore my flag high in the eyes of men ;
But you, O Queen ! sea-guarded and rock-based,
What foe of yours, what leaguer has he faced ?
He left no wife for you in Frioul's fen ;
For you he staked not home and hope and all,
Nor showed he felt, for you, the dearest offering
small."

The Second Queen said, "It were marvel strong
Should I not honor him who set me free
From Bourbon slavery and priestly wrong ;
But what the liberation wrought for thee ?
I crouched in fetters ; his hand touched my
chain ;
It burst, and, lo ! I sprang up free again.
But thou unfettered art, save by thy sea,
Guardian, not jailer ; why thus loud and long
The welcome of this man from all thy toiling
through ?"

The Third Queen smiled, and answered them
again,—
"True, gratitude nor love to him I owe,
That he maintained my walls, or broke my chain,
Yet I have chains to fear, and a sore foe.
That foe world-worship, and that tyrant-sway
King Mammon's—worse than Gaul or Bourbon,
they !
What living man has laid world-worship low
Under his feet, like this ? Who, such disdain
Of chains that Mammon forges here below,
As this plain captain did for earth's example
show ?"

The voices ceased ; vanished the vision fair ;
But still those voices' music filled the air ;
I heard the English crowd that went and came,
Loud pealing GARIBALDI's pure and honored
name.

—Punch.

CHAPTER XII.

FRED'S LUNCHEON AT THE CHASE.

MR. FREDERICK FALCONER arrived at the Chase just as the ladies were going to sit down to luncheon. The ladies were Miss Immy and the Lindisfarn lasses. And they were about to partake of that meal specially sacred to ladies and ladies' men alone. It was a great opportunity for Freddy. There was neither Lady Farnleigh nor Mr. Mat. In the presence of either of those persons, Mr. Freddy was, as the old story records Punch to have declared himself to have felt when Mrs. Carter, who translated Epictetus, was among his audience,—unable to "talk his own talk." Freddy Falconer could not talk his own talk when either Lady Farnleigh or Mr. Mat was present.

But on the present occasion all evil influences were absent, and all good ones were in the ascendant. There were Miss Immy in high good-humor; there was the minced veal and mashed potatoes, beautiful golden-colored butter and the home-made loaf, a currant tart, and a bowl of Sillshire cream! There was the decanter of sherry for Miss Immy, the small jug of amber ale for Miss Kate, the *carafe* of sparkling water for Miss Margaret. The malignant fairy godmother was far away up in her wind-swept garden at Wanstrow; the squire was beating the turnips in a distant field, and the odious Mr. Mat was trudging by his side. Had ever a ladies' man a fairer field? Nor can it be by any means said that he had *no favor*!

Both the young ladies, as we already know, were more or less favorably disposed toward him, each after her own fashion. And Miss Immy was one of those who are disposed to allow their fullest weight to the claims of old neighborhood and long acquaintanceship. Freddy Falconer, too, had in her eyes the paramount advantage over either of the other two young men who had been there the previous evening, of being thorough Sillshire. Captain Ellingham and Mr. Merriton were both strangers and new acquaintances, which made a very notable difference to Miss Immy.

"And what do you think of our new importations into Sillshire?" asked Kate, when Fred had been cordially asked to take some luncheon, and was comfortably established by the side of one of the young ladies, and opposite to the other. Kate was sitting opposite to Miss Immy, and Margaret on the

side of the table nearest the fire, between them. Mr. Fred, therefore, took the goods the gods provided him—i. e., minced veal, potatoes and sherry, current tart and Sillshire cream—in a position yet more shone on by the rays of beauty than that of Philip's warlike son at the royal feast for Persia won!—a position more brilliant, but more difficult also than that of Alexander.

"What do you think of our new importations into Sillshire?" said Kate.

"The Merritons, or Captain Ellingham? Which are you alluding to?"

"To both. But you knew the Merritons before; did you not?"

"Not I! I never set eyes on either of them till they came down here. They were old friends, I fancy, of our business connections in London. I think my father had seen Mr. Merriton in London."

"Quite a young man he seems," said Kate.

"Oh, yes! A boy rather, one might say. He has just come of age. And upon my word, he looks as if an English winter would do for him. Poor fellow! I should say he would have done more wisely to settle in his mother's country,—in Italy,—where he has spent most part of his life."

"Oh, in Italy?" said Margaret. "He told me yesterday at dinner that he had lived abroad 'most of his life.'"

"Yes, and when a man has done that, he is rarely fit for English life in any way."

"Oh, don't say so, Mr. Falconer; or I shall fancy that I am not fitted for English life, or that you don't think me so," said Margaret, with a look of the most tender appealing reproachfulness in her eyes, as pathetically eloquent as if she had been expecting her doom from the arbiter of her destiny.

"Nay! it is quite a different thing in the case of a lady," said Freddy, coloring a little.

"The foreign ways and manners, which are apt to make a man perhaps not altogether—what ladies like in this country—or gentlemen, indeed, either, for that matter—only serve to add new grace to one of the other sex. Besides, there is a vast difference between Italy and Paris. There is, as all the world knows, no charm equal to that of a Parisian woman," said Mr. Freddy, with the enthusiasm of intense conviction.

"Is there no chance, then, for poor home-bred Sillshire folk?" asked Kate, with a laugh in her voice, and roguish quizzing in

her eyes, and just the least little bit of pique in her heart.

"Now, Miss Kate, you know how far that is from my feeling in the matter! Surely, you and I are much too old friends to misunderstand each other upon such a point."

The position was a difficult one. The worst of it was, that there was no possibility of making any by-play with the eyes! What the tongue says may almost always be modified sufficiently for all purposes, if one can but find the means of supplying a running commentary with the eyes, addressed to one special reader. But Fred's situation, with one lady opposite to him, and one at right angles to him, shut him out from that resource;—unless, indeed, from such very limited use of it as could be resorted to by seizing and making the most of the opportunities afforded him by the momentary employment of one of the two pairs of bright eyes, under the cross-fire of which he was sitting, on a plate or a drinking-glass. And even so there was very little good to be done with Kate in this fashion, unless it was in the way of laughing. Kate would laugh with you or at you, with her eyes, as much as you pleased; would answer a laugh in your eyes, and answer it openly or aside, as the case needed. But she did not seem to understand any tenderer eye-language. Or if she did, she would not talk it with Freddy Falconer, old friends as they were.

And that was the reason why, after that luncheon-table campaign was over, Fred felt that he had made more progress that day with Miss Margaret than with Miss Kate.

As regarded Mr. Merriton, however, he found the latter more inclined to agree with him than the former. Notwithstanding Kate's wish to be good-natured, and to make herself and their new neighborhood generally agreeable to the strangers, and the reality of the interest she had expressed to Mr. Merriton about Italy and Italian places and things, he had seemed to her rather a feckless sort of body—rather a poor creature. And Kate was about the last girl in the world to like a man who belonged in any degree to the category of "poor creatures," or to admit that the absence of manliness and vigor could be atoned for by elegance of manner and advantages of person. She was not disposed to undervalue his capacity for assisting her in her study of Dante. But she would have been

more inclined to like him, if her attention had been called to his capacity for riding well up to hounds. Doubtless she would have preferred a cavalier equally calculated to shine in the field and in the study; but if one good quality out of the two could be had only, I take it Kate would have decided for the hounds, and Dante would have gone to the wall. I do not say, be it observed, that Kate Lindisfarn was a very charming girl because of this; I only say that she was a very charming girl, and that such was the case.

As for Margaret, she would have cared nothing at all about the riding to hounds; and truth to say, very little indeed about the capacity for understanding Dante. And, as we know, she was "a very charming girl," too. But some of the value of that phrase of course depends upon the object on whom the charm operates, and by whom it is recognized. Now there can be no doubt at all that Margaret was a very particularly charming girl to Mr. Falconer, despite her disagreeing with him about Mr. Merriton.

"For my part," said she, shooting across the table one of those glances with which young ladies, who are properly up in all the departments of eye language, know how to render such a declaration rather agreeable than otherwise to the receiver of it,—“for my part, I think you are too hard upon poor Mr. Merriton. It is unfair to expect that he should possess all the advantages which can only come from a wider and larger knowledge of the world.”

"Really, Miss Margaret, I had no intention of being hard on him," said Falconer, returning her look with interest, "and I shall have less inclination than ever to be so, of course" (eye commentary here, intelligible to the merest tyro in that language), "if you take him under your protection."

"I did not mean to say a word," put in Kate; "and really I don't think there is a word to be said against his manner. It is that of a very young man, that is all."

"That is it," said Margaret *avec intention*, and looking as she spoke, not at her sister, but at Falconer; "I never can find such mere boys very agreeable."

"I agree with Mr. Frederick," said Miss Immy; "my notion is, that if the poor-wished lad had been born and bred in Zillshire, he would not have looked for all the

world as though he had lived on sugar and water and sweet biscuits all his life, like Miss Lasseron's Italian greyhound!"

"And what about the other new-comer among us?" said Falconer, not addressing himself to any one of the party more than to another. "What of Captain Ellingham?"

"Now that is being harder than ever upon poor Mr. Merriton, to bring the two men into contrast in that way," cried Kate.

"Well, I confess I cannot agree with you there, Kate," said her sister. "If there is any hardness in the matter, I think it is all the other way, for my part."

"Oh, Margaret, how can you think so!" said Kate, with some emphasis.

"And I do not think Mr. Falconer had any notion of making a comparison that would be disadvantageous to Mr. Merriton, at all events," added Margaret.

"Indeed I had not," replied Falconer. "I found Captain Ellingham markedly civil; and I have not a word to say in his disparagement in any way. I do not doubt that he is a most able and meritorious officer, notwithstanding the position he occupies in the service. Of course, from merely passing an evening in a drawing-room with two men, one can form no opinion except as to their general exterior agreeability; and as far as that goes, I confess that I think Merriton has all the advantage."

"Why, what in the world did you see in Captain Ellingham to make you take an aversion to him?" asked Kate.

"I did not take an aversion to him the least in the world, I assure you, my dear Miss Lindisfarn! On the contrary. But it seems that I only shared the impression he made upon your sister."

"I own that I did not see anything particularly attractive about him, notwithstanding all that Lady Farnleigh said in his praise," said Margaret.

"Is he a great friend of Lady Farnleigh's, then?" asked Falconer.

"Oh, yes, and according to her, he is a *chevalier sans peur et sans reproche*,—a mirror of all the virtues! I dare say he may be; but"—

"Oh, Lady Farnleigh's approbation is quite sufficient to secure to the fortunate possessor of it that of your sister, Miss Margaret," said Falconer, with some little appearance of pique in his manner. "When you have been a

little longer an inmate of the Chase, you will doubtless make that discovery for yourself."

"And if I pinned my faith upon anybody's judgment in all the world, I am very sure that I could not have a safer and better guide," cried Kate with some vehemence; "and I have no doubt Margaret will discover that too, before she has been here long. Perhaps I should be wiser," she added, with a momentary half-glance at Falconer, "if I followed her guidance in all cases more implicitly."

"I am sure no one could doubt the excellence of Lady Farnleigh's judgment on any subject," said Freddy, looking rather discomfited; "but probably she was speaking of Captain Ellingham as of an old friend and contemporary of her own."

"Hardly that, I should think," said Kate. "Why, how old a man should you take Captain Ellingham to be?"

"Well, he is one of those men who may be almost any age; but I should say he must be on the wrong side of forty," said Falconer.

"Impossible!" cried Kate. "I am no judge of people's ages; but to my notion Captain Ellingham seems quite a young man."

"A young man, Kate! Why, he is quite gray. I declare he looks every bit as old as Mr. Mat!"

"He certainly is very gray, both on the head and about the beard," said Freddy; "but that is not the worst of it. There are certain lines about the face"—

"I don't think a man's appearance is at all injured by a few gray hairs among the black ones; and as for the lines, a face is far more interesting to me, that looks as if the owner had been doing something else all his life than thinking of taking care of it!" cried Kate, in her usual impetuous way, having been provoked into saying more than she would otherwise have done by the spitefulness of Falconer's remarks, and by his attack on her with reference to Lady Farnleigh.

"Oh! if Kate prefers gray-beards, there can be no more to be said on the subject, you know, Mr. Falconer. *Affaire de goût!* We have only to remember it and to respect it, *n'est-ce pas!*" said Margaret.

"But is there nothing worth talking of except beards, either gray, black, or brown? What of the other new arrival? What of Miss Merriton? On that subject I am sure

Mr. Frederick ought to be able to enlighten us; for he was studying it all dinner-time."

"What else was there for me to do, unless it were to eat my dinner in silence?" remonstrated Falconer. "My opinion was not wanted in the discussion that was going on about poachers, between your father and Lady Farnleigh and Mr. Mat. I could not venture to do Mr. Merriton such wrong as to prevent him from consecrating all his attention to Miss Margaret, as he seemed so particularly well inclined to do. What else remained for me, except to do the civil, as indeed I was in every way bound to do, to Miss Merriton?"

"Of course you could do no otherwise," said Margaret; "and now give us the result of your investigations."

"The result is very soon and very easily stated," replied Freddy. "Miss Merriton is a perfectly ladylike, well-educated, very timid, very shy, and, I should say, very uninteresting young lady. There is no fault to be found with her; but neither is there anything except negative good to be said of her."

It seemed to be more easy for the little party around the luncheon-table to come to an agreement on this subject than it had been on the, it must be supposed, more interesting topic of the lords of the creation; for there was little dissent from the judgment pronounced by Mr. Frederick on the quiet and unobtrusive little creature whose chief title to notice in the world—her twenty-five thousand pounds in her own absolute disposition—he had not deemed it necessary to touch on in summing up her claims to consideration.

And then the ladies rose to quit the table, and Mr. Frederick took his leave, and rode back slowly to Silverton, pondering many things in his mind. His visit had very manifestly done little towards forwarding his views, as far as they coincided with those of his father. He had accomplished as serious an amount of flirtation with Miss Margaret as could have been expected from the circumstances. But he had, if anything, lost rather than gained ground with Miss Kate. The progress in either case was, however, he said to himself, probably infinitesimal. But he thought that the advance he had made toward attaining a necessary and accurate view of his position, and of the state of the game, was greater and more important.

"Lady Farnleigh means Kate for her penniless *protégé*, Captain Ellingham." That was the first *datum* which he thought might be, with tolerable certainty, deduced from his observations. "She has already begun to work towards that end, and has already achieved a commencement of success. How fierce the little lady was when I ventured to sneer at her being led by the nose by her god-mother! And I did not see the least sign which could encourage me to think that I can fight against that influence with success. No; to be honest with myself and keep clear of delusions, no sign; as long as I had the field all to myself, it might have been different—*might* have been. But now it would be a race carrying very heavy weight.

"Then," continuing his meditations, "on the other side, there *are* signs. I have done more with Margaret in two days than I have done with Kate in twice as many years, by Jove! The fact is, there is more sympathy between us. Put all considerations of prudence out of the question, I swear I would not hesitate a minute. What a graceful, elegant-mannered, intelligent, exquisitely pretty little creature she is! I am strongly inclined to think, let the old gentleman say what he will, that Margaret should be my game—out and out, without any shilly-shally.

"The one seems possible enough; the other looks to me very much like being impossible. If that detestable old woman up at Wanstrow means to make her marry Ellingham,—and I have very little doubt upon that point,—she will succeed in doing it. I don't think she could turn Margaret round her finger in that way. There is a different sort of character there.

"And suppose I determine to play for Margaret out and out, and throw over at once all hope of the other: is the speculation so much worse an one? That old Wanstrow woman's six thousand pounds are not worth counting. Pshaw! But about the place. Every word my father says about the importance of such a prize is true. The old boy is right enough there. But would it be so much more difficult to win Lindisfarn with Margaret than with Kate? I doubt it. Specially if I am to assume that Kate marries Ellingham. How is he, a man without a penny in the world, to find the means of paying half the price of the Chase estates? A good fifty thousand would be needful, if a penny. Would

it be likely that such a man should see his interest in causing the estates to be sold? With delay, uncertainty, expense? Would it not be very much more likely, supposing that he were to marry one girl, and I the other, that he would be exceedingly glad to accept the old gentleman's cash to the amount of half the value of the property? Is there any ground for imagining that the squire would make an objection to such an arrangement, if desired by all the parties concerned? I cannot see it. If he held by the old name, I should make no difficulty about accommodating him. 'Falconer Lindisfarn, Esquire, of Lindisfarn,'—that would do remarkably well. Or 'Sir Falconer Lindisfarn!' better still; and why not? Yes, I think, I *think* that will be the game, the more prudent as well as the pleasanter game to play. Honestly, I do think so. But what about that fellow Merriton? Kate would never marry him. Is there any danger of his cutting me out with Margaret? She was more inclined to like him than that boisterous, violent, upright and downright Kate! But I have a great notion that that was all *à mon adresse*! She has far more manner, far more knowledge of the world than her sister in that respect. And I fancy, too, that she is one who would have the sense to know on which side her bread is buttered. And I hardly think Merriton would be in a position to make her mistress of Lindisfarn. I don't know; I must ask my father how that is; but I think not. Besides, I do flatter myself that I could cut out that boy!"

So, by the time Freddy had reached his father's door, he may be said to have pretty well made up his mind to enter himself, as he phrased it to his own mind, for the Margaret sweepstakes in thorough earnest, make a straightforward race of it, and run his best.

Frederick Falconer was, it will have been seen, a shrewd man, not under the empire of self-delusion, and with a considerable gift of seeing characters and things as they really were. The net result of what had taken place at the luncheon-table at the Chase as regarded the others of the party who had been sitting at it, was not very different from what he had felt it to be. But he had not only made progress with the one sister, but had in a yet greater degree advanced his sup-

posed rival's cause with the other. Kate had felt much more disposed to feel a liking for Captain Ellingham after that luncheon than she had previously. She had defended him;—a very strong tie of attachment for natures like Kate's. She had thought that he was being unfairly and ungenerously run down. And—strongest contribution of all to the net result—she had been made to feel as if he were on the side of her godmother, and the others on the contrary side.

On the following day, the Lindisfarn ladies had another guest at their luncheon-table. Mr. Merriton drove up to the Chase, as he had told Lady Farnleigh he would do, to give his invitations to the Friary for the following Wednesday. They were given and accepted, as far as the younger ladies were concerned (for Miss Immy pleaded important engagements at home; and all the ladies declared that they could not answer for the squire, but thought they might for Mr. Mat), rather to Margaret's disgust. She accused Mr. Merriton in her heart of being very stupid for not preferring to have her and her uncle there alone, as she had projected and prepared for him. And, moreover, she did not look forward with any pleasure to what she feared would probably happen when the whole party should be there together. She did not at all like being trotted out in the character of an archæological blue-stocking. The double necessity and incompatibility of hiding her utter ignorance and indifference on the one hand, and making them evident on the other, was embarrassing and disagreeable.

Nevertheless, it was impossible to refuse; and the Lindisfarn lasses promised to be at the Friary at one o'clock on the Wednesday, either under the escort of Mr. Mat, or, if that should fail them, with Lady Farnleigh.

Margaret, being out of humor, had rather snubbed Mr. Merriton. But he had proposed to Kate to show her and explain to her on Wednesday a volume of "Piranesi's Views in Rome." And on her replying, in her good-humored, lively way, that she should enjoy nothing so much, and should greatly like to see the Eternal City, he had gone away more in love with her than ever, and dreaming of the delight of returning to Italy with such a bride, and initiating her into all its glories, beauties, and enjoyments.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE PARTY AT THE FRIARY.

LADY SEMPRONIA, when at dinner the canon had communicated to her Mr. Merriton's invitation, rather to her husband's surprise, signified her intention of accepting it.

"I hardly hoped," he said, "and did not give Mr. Merriton much hope, that you would be induced to go to the Friary; but you are quite right, my dear, to look upon this occasion as a somewhat extraordinary one. There is not a more interesting locality in the country, and I flatter myself that I shall be able to make the day a profitable, and indeed a memorable one for all present."

And during all the intervening days the doctor was in a state of pleasurable excitement and anticipation, and worked hard to have every part of the subject in a complete state of preparation. He would have given a good deal to have secured the entire absence of Mr. Falconer. But he reckoned, taking the usual habits of that archæological financier as a base for his calculations, that he should have a good two hours and a half before him, ere the banker could arrive.

It was not without considerable disquietude and surprise, therefore, that just as the modest one-horse chaise which was conveying the canon and Lady Sempronia to the Friary was jogging along the main street of the little village of Weston, while it yet wanted five minutes to one o'clock, the doctor saw the banker's handsome carriage, with its smart pair of bays, dash past and turn at the end of the village down the road to the private bridge over the Sill, which leads to the Friary house.

"Good heavens! there is Falconer!" he exclaimed, turning pale. "But it is impossible! It can't be! It must be Frederick, and the carriage is going back for his father. Odd that the young man should not have ridden over, too; but I suppose as the carriage was ordered out, he thought it as well to make one job of it."

"And if it were Mr. Falconer," said Lady Sempronia, "what then? I cannot see, Dr. Lindisfarn, that you can pretend to a monopoly of all the old stones in the county, though no doubt you are the only individual in it who would deprive your family of necessities to spend your substance on such things. Mr. Falconer can afford to play the fool."

"That is fortunate, my dear," returned the doctor; "for it is what he assuredly very often does."

And then, when the canon's carriage drove up to the door of the Friary, at which Mr. Merriton was standing to receive his guests, the doctor, as he alighted, saw behind him the pig-tail and the florid, complacent face and the well-grown, black-silk-encased legs, of the Silverton banker. Giving a silent shake of the hand to his host, for he could not at the moment spare time or words for a longer greeting, and leaving him to receive and welcome Lady Sempronia as best he could, he made one stride toward his enemy, crying out, "Is it possible, Mr. Falconer? You here at this time in the morning? In truth this is a—*a* circumstance"—the word pleasure stuck in the voracious doctor's throat—"which I had not expected. I hope that Mr. Merriton is aware that you have broken in upon all your habitudes,—innovated on the practice of—how many lustres shall I say?—in order to wait on him!"

"My friend Merriton is, I trust, aware, doctor, that I would do more than that for him, if need were," said the banker, with a bow and a sly wink aside to the young man.

"I am quite aware, my dear sir," said Merriton, returning the banker's telegraph, "how much Mr. Falconer is deranging his usual habits in order to give us the pleasure of his company. It is *very* kind of him."

"But business, Mr. Falconer! What will the bank do without you?"

"Oh, the bank can take care of itself, for once and away, doctor. The fact is, if Merriton will forgive me for confessing the entire truth," continued the banker, eying his victim with a sweet and complacent smile, "that, had our meeting here to-day been of merely an ordinary festive character, I might have contented myself with enjoying such share of it as I could have come in for after business hours. But when it became known to me that the party were to have the treat of inspecting the antiquities of the Friary under your auspices, doctor, and the advantage of your explanations of them, I could not resist the temptation of being present. I could not indeed!" And then Mr. Falconer took a long pinch of snuff with an air that included in it the expression of a defiance to mortal combat. And the mortified canon

knew what was before him, and saw that the treat to which he had been looking forward with so much pleasure had been snatched from his grasp.

Not that he was afraid of his adversary, or at all disinclined to a fair stand-up fight with him for any number of hours by the Friary clock. That also was a pleasure in its kind; but it was of a different sort from the more luxurious and seducing one which he had promised himself, of having it all his own way, and leading a troop of admiring and unquestioning women from one subject of his learning and eloquence to another.

And then they passed on to the drawing-room, where Mr. Frederick was found busily engaged in prosecuting those investigations into the social qualities of Miss Merriton, which had hitherto only led him, as he had assured the ladies at the Chase, to the conclusion that she was a wholly uninteresting little body.

And then came Lady Farnleigh and Captain Ellingham and not very long after them the Lindisfarn damsels with Mr. Mat. It was nearly half-past one before they arrived; and there was a chorus of outcry at their unpunctuality.

"Not like you, Kate, to be the laggard! And it was to be one o'clock, military time. We have already had the first of our course of lectures," said Lady Farnleigh.

"Ah! I was not on Birdie, you see, god-mamma. When I am, I can answer for my time. But we had to come all round by Silvertown; and Thomas must be answerable for the delay."

"Thomas is as regular as clockwork; and if you had started in time, you would have been here in time," rejoined the doctor, not in the best possible humor, though he had no longer reason for being anxious to begin the day's amusement punctually.

"Well, uncle, we will behave better another time."

"No, no, put the saddle on the right horse," said Mr. Mat; "Thomas Tibbs is no way in fault; nor is Miss Kate. We had to wait half an hour for Miss Margaret."

"Why, I am sure we came down together; didn't we, Kate?" said Margaret, blushing very red, and shooting at Mr. Mat out of those fine black eyes of hers a look of which it might have been said not only in the Yan-

kee tongue, but in good English, that it was "a caution!"

"Yes," said the abominable Mr. Mat, quietly: "you came down the stairs together, because Kate waited for you. But it was you and not Kate, who tried on three dresses before you could please yourself. Ask Simmons else."

"There never was half an hour spent to better purpose, if Simmons spoke the truth," whispered Frederick, at Margaret's side. "What a lovely toilet!"

"Do you like it? Then I am sure I don't mind how long I kept that old bear waiting," returned Margaret, in the same tone; "not that what he says is true, though. But is he not an insufferable old nuisance?"

"Our likings agree," said he; "Mr. Mat is a particular aversion of mine; and he knows it well enough. There is no love lost between us. Strangely enough, your sister is fond of him."

"Oh, Kate is so odd,—so odd in many things. I am afraid she and I shall find many points of difference between us."

"It will be a great advantage to your sister—your return home, Miss Lindisfarn. If she would endeavor to form her manner from yours, it would be everything to her."

"Of course I have had great advantages, which poor Kate has not shared. But I flatter myself that the generality of the good people here are not so capable as some persons" (eye practice!) "of seeing the deficiencies."

"Would you be better pleased for her sake, that *all* the people here should be blind to the differences between you, Mademoiselle Marguérite?"

"I am afraid that would tax my charity too severely," answered she, in a tone so low that it was almost a whisper. Then she added, in a rather, but very little, louder voice, "You called me Marguérite! You are the only person here that does. I like it so much better than that odious Margaret, as they call it! Do call me always Marguérite." Whether this was to be taken as a permission to call her by her Christian name, or merely as a request to be addressed in French instead of in English, she skilfully left it to the gentleman himself to decide.

Then, it having been resolved by general vote that one portion of the avowed business

of the day should be done before going to luncheon, and that it would be very pleasant to break their archaeological investigations by that agreeable diversion, the doctor arose, and proceeded to unroll a large plan which he had brought with him, while most of the party crowded around him.

"Where is Margaret?" cried the doctor; "Margaret, my love; here is your place, by my side. You are to be my fellow-laborer, you know, in illustrating the Friary as it deserves."

Margaret groaned softly, and looked up into Frederick Falconer's face with an appealing expression of intense annoyance in her eyes, which made them look lovelier, he thought, than he had ever seen them yet, as she said, "I must go, I suppose! It is very provoking. Mind, I trust to you to save me from this horrid bore, if any chance of extricating me should offer."

"Would that I could," whispered Fred.

And then the doctor, with his victim by his side, unrolled his topographical plan, and began:—

"The plan of the actually existing buildings,—just put your hand on the paper, my dear, to hold it open, so that they may all see it;"—Margaret, admirably prompt to extract from unfavorable circumstances all the little good they might be capable of yielding, laid a beautifully white and slender hand, with long, slender fingers, flat on the paper, taking off her glove for the purpose, as if the service demanded of her could not have been performed otherwise; and the doctor proceeded:—

"The plan of the modern part of the actually existing buildings has been traced here in black, while that of those portions of the ancient monastery which have perished has, as far as it has been possible to discover the position of them, been laid down in red lines. The part of the plan colored green represents those portions of the actually existing house which were part of the original building. It will be at once perceived, therefore, that the entire wing, including the drawing-room in which we are at this moment assembled, is of modern construction,—comparatively modern that is to say, dating probably from the early part of the seventeenth century."

"I am sure you will forgive me, my good

doctor, for interrupting you," said Mr. Falconer, "but it is impossible to hear that statement laid down in so unqualified a manner, without pointing out that there are grave doubts"—

"Thank you, Falconer," cried the doctor, turning on him with the aspect of a boar brought to bay, "I am perfectly aware of all that you would say. I said *probably*—probably from the beginning of the seventeenth century. We shall go more accurately into the examination of that question, when we shall have brought our investigations down to that time. You will become aware of the advantage of chronological treatment in matters of this kind, when you have applied your distinguished erudition to more of them. Allow me to proceed."

Mr. Falconer was a man of bland manners, and particularly prided himself on suavity of demeanor *à toute épreuve*. But those of the party who knew him well were made aware by a little vibratory motion of his pig-tail, that he was restraining himself from giving way to his indignation with difficulty. He succeeded, however, so far as to permit no outward demonstration of the tempest that was raging within him to appear, beyond a satirical smile, as, having first soothed his nervous system with a pinch of snuff, he said,—

"I bide my time then, doctor!"

"I was about to point out to you," resumed the doctor, "that only the kitchens, the pantry, the small room adjoining the kitchen on the south side, used, I believe, by the late owners as the housekeeper's room, and possibly still appropriated to the same purpose"—The doctor paused, and directed an inquiring glance at Miss Merriton, thereby causing his hearers to do the same, to the exceeding annoyance and discomfiture of that little lady, who had been surreptitiously engaged in the background in condoling in whispered accents with Lady Sempronina on some of that lady's trials. She felt like a schoolboy, who has been suddenly "set on" at the moment when, having been absorbed in the pages of a novel dexterously hidden beneath his Virgil, he has not the remotest idea of "the place." Lady Sempronina would have prompted her, but was no better informed of the matter in hand than herself.

"The room next the kitchen," said Lady Farnleigh; "is it still the housekeeper's room?"

"Yes, that is the housekeeper's room. Is she wanted?" asked poor Miss Merriton, sadly fluttered.

"Not yet. Not at present, thanks," resumed the doctor. "The housekeeper's room—I was saying that the kitchens, the pantry, the housekeeper's room, and the northwest and northeast walls of the present dining-room, or part of them at least, are the only portions of the present house which belong to the ancient monastery."

But at that point of his discourse *papa pede claudo* overtook the doctor. The bland but inly raging old banker had bided his time, as he said, and found it!

"Excuse me, doctor," he cried, pushing forward to the front of the little group to lay his fingers on the plan; "excuse me if I say that I feel sure the time will come when your persevering studies will convince you of the danger of laxity of statement in topographical details. The only parts of the present house included in the old monastery! What! Is there not the wash-house? One of the best characterized remnants in the place!"

"Now, my dear Falconer, I do hope that you will permit me to proceed with my statement of the facts. I am well aware, of course, that the foundation of the wall of the present wash-house"—

"You know, Dr. Lipdisfarn, how deep a respect I entertain for the profundity of your erudition and the accuracy of your research; but I must be permitted to say that any one who fails to see at a glance the contemporaneousness of the present walls with the foundation on which they stand, must be ignorant of the very A B C of archaeology!"

"I know no man for whose opinion I should have a greater deference on a matter of this kind than yours, Mr. Falconer. But really the grossness of the error into which you have fallen upon the present occasion is a melancholy warning of the consequences of rash and too hasty induction."

"Rash induction, my dear doctor! I find in Pringle's 'Survey of the Suppressed Religious Houses of the Hundreds of Perribash and Warlingcombe,' a plan, which gives"—

"Indications of walls, of which the ancient foundations still remain! I dare say you do. I flatter myself I am acquainted with Prin-

gle's work. But Battledore, in his 'Peregrinations and Perustrations of the Valley of the Sill'—a somewhat rare work, which you probably have never seen, Falconer, for a small edition only was privately printed; but I shall have much pleasure in showing you a copy,—Battledore clearly shows that the building which had existed on those foundations was in ruins in his time."

Margaret, who all this time had been dutifully holding open her uncle's plan with her fair hand outspread upon it in the manner which has been described, thinking when the dispute between the rival antiquaries had reached that point, either that her services were for the moment no longer needed, or that a sufficient time had been allowed for all present to admire the beauty of her hand, withdrew it from the paper, which immediately rolled itself up against the fingers of the doctor, who had been holding it on the other side. Margaret, who was already gently withdrawing herself from the prominent position she had been made to occupy at her uncle's side, feared that the coiling up of the paper would draw his attention to her desertion. But she need not have alarmed herself. He was far too intent on the battle which had begun to rage to think about any such small matters. Feeling the plan roll itself up into a *bâton*, he grasped it, as he turned upon his adversary, who was unprovided with any such weapon.

"Very cleverly done," whispered Frederick in her ear, as drawing back from the place she had held, she found herself again by his side. "And now, while my father is telling him how Shuttlecock points out that Battledore knew nothing at all about it, we may escape."

"Have you any idea what it is all about?" asked Margaret, confidentially.

"Not the least in the world! But I hope the fight will last all the remainder of the afternoon. It won't hurt them; and it will be a great blessing to us. Don't you think we might steal out upon the lawn through this open window? There is a beautiful greenhouse; let me show it to you, while the war is still raging over the foundation of the wash-house."

"The phrase 'ruins,' my dear doctor," said the old banker, with a smile of infinite superiority, "is a very vague one. In this case it was, in all probability, used by the

writer whom you cite,—and who is perfectly well known to me, though I have not much opinion of the reliability of his work,—to express the condition of the roof.” Here the old gentleman took a pinch of snuff, and looked round on the bystanders with an air which seemed to call their attention to the fact of his having utterly demolished his opponent. “But with regard to the walls,” he continued, “I think—I *do* think, that the evidence of your own senses, my dear doctor, would be sufficient to convince you that they are of the same date as the foundations on which they rest. If our kind host will permit us to institute an examination on the spot” —

“Oh, by all means,” said Mr. Merriton; “the entire house is at your disposition. If you will step this way” —

And the combatants accordingly followed him to the back part of the house, which stood very close to the cliff which has been described, and occupied the site of the refectory and adjoining buildings—buttery, hatches, and so forth—of the old monastery. But it may be feared that when they reached the battle-ground itself, a great portion of the interest of the fight was lost. Were there ever knights who would not have taken their lances from their rests, and ceased poking each other, if all the spectators had retired from the lists? And unhappily not a single soul of those assembled in the drawing-room at the Friary cared sufficiently to know when the wash-house was built to follow the combatants. There was still Mr. Merriton for umpire, and the dispute had, therefore, to be carried on; but it is permissible to suppose that if it had not been for his presence the fight would have languished.

As it was, the remaining members of the party, who were left in the drawing-room,—Lady Farnleigh, Miss Merriton, Lady Sempronia, Kate, Mr. Mat and Captain Ellingham,—were left to their own devices by the—it is to be feared, not unwelcome—diversion.

“We must not regret, Miss Merriton,” said Lady Farnleigh, “that the great question of the antiquity of your wash-house, which seems so doubtful, should be finally set at rest, as it no doubt will now be; although we are deprived, in consequence of the difficulty, of the benefit of the doctor’s guidance. I propose that we put the time to

profit by investigating, as best we may by the light of nature, that charming fragment of the old cloister that forms the northern boundary of your lovely flower-garden.”

“That is the only bit of the antiquities of the Friary that I care about,” said Mr. Mat; “and I do think that flower-garden is the prettiest spot in all Sillshire.”

“Don’t you think we may venture, Miss Merriton, to conduct our own researches in the flower-garden without inquiring what Pringle and Battledore have written upon the subject?” said Lady Farnleigh.

“If Lady Sempronia feels equal to strolling so far,” said Miss Merriton, turning to that plaintive lady, by whose side she was sitting on a sofa, listening with admirable patience and sympathy to the tale of her various trials.

“I am afraid,” said Lady Sempronia, whose mind was full of the impending danger that the doctor might be stimulated into composing a monograph on the date of the Friary wash-house, “I am afraid that I must not venture out in the sun. It is very powerful at this hour. But pray do not let me detain you, Miss Merriton.”

“But perhaps Lady Farnleigh, who is doubtless far more competent to act as guide than I am, will excuse me. If she would kindly undertake the office of *cicerone* I should prefer remaining indoors myself,” said Miss Merriton.

“Oh! I am thoroughly competent, I assure you,” rejoined Lady Farnleigh. “If I have only your permission, I undertake to do the honors of the gardens *on ne peut mieux*.”

So Lady Farnleigh, Kate, Mr. Mat and Captain Ellingham, walked out into the garden by the same window through which Margaret and Frederick Falconer had passed. The latter had, however, gone into the conservatory, which occupied the space of some forty feet between the house and the fragment of the ancient cloister to which Lady Farnleigh had alluded.

The flower-garden in question was worth a visit; and none the less so that the place was well known to all the *partie carrée* who now entered it, except Captain Ellingham. It is indeed as lovely a spot as the imagination can well conceive. Completely shut in on the Silverton side by the lofty jutting limestone cliff, close round the base of which the

water ran in a deeper and swifter stream than in any other part of its course, it was enclosed on the side opposite to the front of the house by the river, the opposite bank of which was fringed with a luxuriant plantation of rhododendrons all the way from the private bridge leading to the village, to the spot where it disappeared round the cliff. Over the top of this flourishing plantation the spire of Weston church was visible and behind it the higher and more distant parts of the broken open ground, with its patches of broom, which intervened between the valley of the Sill and the woods belonging to the Chase, and behind them again an horizon formed by the lofty summit of Lindisfarn brow.

On the opposite side to the river, the flower-garden was shut in by the house, by the conservatory,—one end of which abutted on it,—and by the old fragment of cloister, consisting of three arches, and a small portion of the back wall of the cloister, which had, however, been restored and completed by masonry of recent construction, and on which the other end of the conservatory rested. The three isolated arches of crumbling gray stone, standing thus on the exquisitely kept sward of the lawn, and serving as a support for a variety of flowering creepers, were the pride and beauty of the garden. They stood at right angles, as will be understood, if I have succeeded in rendering the above account of the locality intelligible, to that face of the cliff which shut in the garden; and which, itself richly clothed with a wilder and more exuberant growth of coarser creeping plants, was so beautiful an object as to make it questionable whether man's handiwork or nature's had contributed most to the ornament of the little paradise encircled by them both. The remaining side of the enclosed space—that looking toward the upper valley of the Sill and the pasture ground on its banks, which was once the home farm of the monastery, and now the park attached to the modern residence—was only partially shut in by plantations, of horse-chestnut and birch chiefly, so as to leave peeps of the distant view in this direction.

"I do think Mr. Mat is right," said Kate, as they all four stood on the lawn in front of the three old arches, which were probably indebted for their preservation, so many years

after the destruction of their fellows, to the support and protection derived from the cliff against which the last of them rested. "I do think this is the prettiest spot altogether that I ever saw."

"It really is a most perfect thing in its way," said Captain Ellingham, who, to tell the truth, though nobody but Lady Farnleigh had observed it, had been in not the best of all possible humors since they had arrived at the Friary; for, instead of attending to the doctor's exordium as he ought to have done, he had been watching Margaret—that "most beautiful creature he had ever seen in his life"—and all her ways and works, and he did not like what he had seen. He was not pleased with the incident arising from the tardiness of their arrival. Not that he in the least blamed Margaret for the delay of the half-hour employed in the trying-on of three dresses; for he agreed with Falconer in thinking, though he had not said it, that the result produced was well worth the time employed to realize it. But he had not been pleased with her allowing the blame to be cast on her sister, and still less with a certain expression of face which he had noted when Mr. Mat had so brutally betrayed her secret. Then again, though he had much admired the exquisite little hand, so skilfully laid out (literally) for admiration on the doctor's topographical plan, he had most ungratefully felt annoyed at her for the manner of the exhibition of it. And it cannot perhaps be said that he was altogether unreasonable in withholding his entire approbation in either case. But he was far more displeased at certain other things that had fallen within the scope of his observation, with which he really had no right to find fault. He had noted all the little by-play and whispering with Falconer, and had judged it from a stand-point of moral criticism which his judgment would hardly have placed itself on, if he had been himself the culprit in Falconer's place. He had marked also her escape out of the window, followed by him; and it sufficed to bring his indignation and his ill-humor to its climax. And although the sins she had been guilty of would only have confirmed him in the opinion that she certainly was one of the sweetest creatures on earth, if he instead of another had been the accomplice of them, as it was, he began to ask himself whether Lady Farnleigh had not been right, when she called

him a goose in the carriage as they were returning from the Chase.

The honorable Captain Ellingham, though doubtless, as Fred Falconer had said, a very meritorious officer, was, it is very clear, a quite exceptionally unreasonable man when the question was one, not of haulyards and marling-spikes, but of pretty girls.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE "NOSEY STONE."

CAPTAIN ELLINGHAM'S ill-temper was beginning to give way before the influences of the charming scene around him, and the thoroughly good-tempered, joyous, and open-hearted enjoyment of it by his companions; and he was gradually coming round more and more to the opinion that Lady Farnleigh had expressed as to the merits of the Lindisfarn lasses, and as to his appreciation of them, when a circumstance occurred, which, though it suddenly changed the immediate current of all his thoughts, yet eventually operated to complete Captain Ellingham's conversion to his old friend's opinion.

The face of Weston Rock, as the cliff which has been so frequently mentioned was called by the educated classes—though the country-people generally nicknamed it the "Nosey Stone," from the manner in which it stood out from the hillside behind it—the face of Weston Rock, which looks toward Silverton, is, though very steep, not altogether precipitous. The most prominent part of it,—the ridge of the nose, as it were,—which is washed at its base by the river, is for more than half of the height from the water a naked and absolutely precipitous rock. The upper portion of this side of the cliff above this naked wall of rock is very little less steep; but it is covered with a growth of creeping plants, which do not, however, sufficiently lessen its precipitous character to render it possible for any human foot to traverse it. On the other face of the cliff, that which overhangs and forms the boundary of the Friary gardens, the lower portion of the height is nearly as steep as that which overhangs the river; but it is not, like that, utterly devoid of inequalities on the surface and ledges, which in some degree break the face of it. The upper portion on this side is not so entirely precipitous; it is covered not only with a profusion of creeping plants, the long trailing branches of which hang down over the

lower part, but over a considerable portion of its surface with patches and tufts of rank, coarse grass and herbage. So that it is possible on that side to descend from the top by the aid of the partial foothold, and the vigorous vegetation of the creepers. Nevertheless, considering that any one attempting such a feat has some seventy or eighty feet of utterly unclimbable precipice beneath him, the edge of which he is approaching as he descends, and bearing in mind that the crumbling of a tuft of couch-grass, or the breaking of a twig, may accelerate his approach to its edge in such sort as to hurry him over it, the descent of the Nosey Stone, even on this its least terrible side, is an undertaking in which one would not wish unnecessarily to engage.

The little party standing on the lawn in front of the old cloister arches, and consequently within a few feet of that face of the cliff which has been last mentioned, were speaking, as everybody always does speak in such cases, of the exceeding knowingness exhibited by the monks in the choice of their situations,—how sure they always were to select the choice bits of all the country-side for their homesteads, and how perfectly well they understood all the points that go toward making any spot specially eligible for a habitation,—when suddenly they were startled by a rustle, a rush among the brushwood on the face of the cliff above their heads, and in the next moment the fall of a heavy substance with a dead sounding *thud* on the turf of the lawn at their feet. It was a young lamb; and it lay on its side, giving only one or two convulsive movements with its hind legs—for the fall had killed it.

"Poor little thing!" said Kate, running forward, and stooping over it to see if it was indeed dead; "it must have strayed from the mother in the field above. I think it is dead; look, Mr. Mat, see if the fall has quite killed it."

"Killed it, sure enough," said Mr. Mat; "lambs don't fall as cats do!"

"It is well for it, poor little beast, that it is killed," said Captain Ellingham, "for of course its bones must be broken."

Just then Margaret and Falconer emerged from the conservatory, where they also had heard and been startled by the noise of the fall. They came forward toward the spot where the others were gathered round the body of the unlucky little animal, with an eagerness

of inquiry as to what the matter was, and what had happened, which had somewhat the appearance of being in a certain measure prompted by a feeling of the desirability of diverting the attention of the party away from their own simultaneous re-appearance, after their period of retirement.

"Good gracious!" cried Margaret, when the nature of the accident had been explained to her, "what a merey it is the creature did not tumble on any of our heads! It might have killed us on the spot!"

But as Margaret uttered the words, moralizing the event after her own fashion, Captain Ellingham suddenly cried, "hush!" lifting his fingers as he spoke; "Hush! I thought I heard a voice up there! Yes! there it is again,—a sob, as of a child crying. Is there any possibility that a child should be on the face of the cliff?"

"Hardly," said Mr. Mat; "more likely the voice you heard was from the top. Very likely some little shepherd or shepherdess, who has discovered the misfortune that has betided one of the flock."

"God grant the child, if it be one, may not come too close to the edge of the cliff!" said Lady Farnleigh. "It is a dangerous place. And it strikes me that, unless the voice were quite at the very edge of the precipice, it could not be heard here."

"So I should say, too," replied Ellingham. "And yet I can hear it now,—evidently the voice of a child crying. Hist! Do you not hear it?"

"There! Oh, yes! To be sure I do. It is a child crying."

"Yes! I can hear it, too, now, very plainly. I think it must have come nearer," said Lady Farnleigh.

"What can we do to find out where it is?" cried Kate, turning to Captain Ellingham, who was still bending his ear to catch the sounds that were at one moment more, and at another less, distinctly audible.

"Do the ladies and gentlemen of Sillshire always go into committee instantly on the spot every time a little *gamin* cries, to investigate the cause of the phenomenon?" said Margaret, tittering.

"Yes, they *du*," cried Mr. Mat, turning on her fiercely, and speaking in his broadest Doric; "yes, they *du*, Miss Margy, when 'tis at the voot of the Nosey stoan they hear

it! Why, the poor child may be zearching for the lamb to the top of the cliff, and come to vall over in the zame manner, he might!"

"I believe," said Captain Ellingham, who had been attentively listening, "that the voice must be on the face of the cliff; I do not think we could hear it as we do, if it was from anybody on the top. The sound would be too much impeded by the intervening mass of the hill, which prevents a person on the top from being visible."

And as he spoke, Captain Ellingham drew back from the face of the cliff toward the bank of the river, in order to be able to scan the whole surface of it with his eye. If the cliff had been naked, it would have been of course easy to do this in an instant; but the overgrowth of creepers, and brambles and brushwood was in some parts quite abundant enough to hide a child or even a man among it. But after carefully and earnestly gazing for a minute or two, Captain Ellingham cried out,—

"Yes! yes! I think I see him, or her, whichever it is!"

"Where, where?" cried Kate, running out from under the cliff to the place where Ellingham was standing, still intently examining the face of the rock.

"There: a couple of fathom or so above the line where the vegetation ends and the naked rock begins. Do you see a large patch of yellow flowers? Lift your eyes in a perpendicular line from the spot where the conservatory joins the old arches of the cloister, till you come to a noticeable clump of yellow flowers"—

"Yes, oh, yes!" cried Kate, doing as she was bid; "I have them!"

"Well, just above and a little to the right of that clump of flowers, I saw the bushes move, and I am almost sure that I caught a glimpse of a dress!"

"But, good Heaven!" cried Kate, turning pale, "if there is a child, or even a man, there, how are they to get away? They must be in fearful danger!"

"It is a child's voice—and I think a girl's," said Ellingham.

"Good Heaven! What is to be done?" asked Lady Farnleigh, looking in a scared manner from one to the other of the two gentlemen;—the two; for, though there were three present on the lawn since Falconer had come

out of the conservatory with Margaret, her eyes seemed to confine her appeal to Mr. Mat and Captain Ellingham.

"Tis a bad place to get tu," said Mr. Mat. "She, ev it is a girl, might get tu the top the zame way she got down; though perhaps she might vind it difficult to du so. But the worst is, that mayhap she don't know—pretty zure, indeed, she don't know—that the naked rock is ten or a dozen veet below her. And ev she goes on pushing and moving among the bushes, she may vall any minute. Ev she would remain quite still till we could get to her with ladder and tackle, we might take her off the cliff safe enough."

"But how could she ever have got there, Mr. Mat?" asked Kate, in much distress; "do you think she fell over the edge of the cliff?"

"No! Depend upon it she clambered down after the lamb that we saw vall. It is not so very difficult to get down by help of the bushes, and climb up again, ev you know what you are about, and what sort of place it is. I've been all over the vace of the cliff after bird's-nests and blackberries, when I was a boy, time and again. She is uncommonly near the top of the naked rock though! And if she comes down any lower, God help her!"

"Shall I try to hail her? We could make her hear well enough; but it is a question whether we may not frighten her."

"Had you not better send a servant to the village, and tell the people to go and look after the child?" said Margaret.

"Tell ye what," said Mr. Mat, "better let me try to speak to her. She'll understand our Zillshire speech better. I should be less likely to frighten her than you. If we can only make her keep herself quite quiet till we can come tu her, it will be all right enough."

"There! there! now I see her plain enough," cried Captain Ellingham; "it is a little girl sure enough! I see her red dress."

"If she don't bide still, it is all up with her! She moved a couple of voot nearer the top of the bare rock then!"

"Good Heaven!" cried Lady Farnleigh; "call to her, Mr. Mat! call to her, at all hazards! tell her not to moye hand or foot

for her life! I see the poor little thing plain enough; Do you not see, Kate?"—

And she turned, as she spoke, to where Kate had been standing on the lawn; but Kate was no longer there. They had all been looking up eagerly to the face of the cliff, and neither Ellingham nor Mr. Mat had seen her go.

"Kate is gone into the house," said Margaret; "she ran off without saying a word. No doubt she has gone to tell the servants."

Mr. Mat, putting his hands to his mouth so as to make them serve, as far as might be, the purpose of a speaking trumpet, hallooed to the child, whom they could all now see perfectly well, to remain quite still; to take the best hold she could on the biggest bushes near her, and hold on without attempting to budge till help could reach her.

But while he was calling to her—whether or not it may have been that she was startled by the voice from underneath her—she made another movement, which brought her two or three feet nearer to the limit of the bushes, and to the commencement of the bare rock—and certain destruction.

Lady Farnleigh covered her eyes with her hand, and uttered a shuddering cry.

"By Heaven? she will be killed before our eyes!" cried Mr. Mat. "You run, Falconer! run for your life to the top of the cliff, by the path on the other side—you know, the path from Weston water-meads up to Shapton farm;—and get down to the child by the bushes. You'll be faster than me; and I'll be trying to get at her from below. Run for dear life, lad!"

But as he spoke, and while Lady Farnleigh was wringing her hands in distress, Miss Margaret was so overcome by her feelings that she suddenly threw herself backwards into Frederick Falconer's arms, and went off incontinently into violent hysterics.

"It is impossible that I can leave Miss Lindisfarn in this state," replied he, to Mr. Mat's appeal; "impossible, or I would go at once."

"Oh! don't leave me! for pity's sake don't leave me!" shrieked the young lady, opening her fine eyes for a moment—just long enough to shoot up into the face which was hanging over her a glance which was not altogether hysterical in its expression,—ac-

cording, at least, to the strictly medical view of such matters.

"Put the lass down with her back on the turf!" said Mr. Mat,—in extreme disgust; "put the lass down!—what hurt can she take?—and see if you can help to save this poor child's life!"

"Oh! don't leave me! don't leave me!" sobbed Miss Margaret.

"Not for all the world," replied Freddy, in an intensely expressive whisper, with eye expression to match. "It is impossible for me to leave her," he said aloud, in answer to Mr. Mat; "don't you see that it is?"

Captain Ellingham had in the mean time contrived to clamber to the top of the half-ruinous arches, and was seeing whether it was possible for active limbs and a sure eye to scale the face of the cliff by that help.

"It is out of the question," cried Mr. Mat; "I tell you it is impossible! Wait while I run into the house to see what ladders they have."

"And ropes," returned Captain Ellingham. "Above all, a good coil of rope."

"Where's Kate?" cried Mr. Mat, as he turned to run into the house.

"I did not see her leave the lawn; I suppose she went into the house," returned Lady Farnleigh. "No doubt she went to get assistance. Since that gentleman does not choose to risk his precious limbs to save a poor girl's life," continued she, looking with a curling lip to the spot where Falconer was hanging over the reclining form of Miss Margaret, "you had better get some one of the servants to hasten to the top of the cliff and try to get down to her. Ellingham will be the man to climb it from below, if any human being can."

"Do you continue to encourage her to hold on for life, but to make no attempt to move, Lady Farnleigh; I will run and see what tackle can be got. You can make her hear you."

And, so saying, he and Mr. Mat hurried off together into the house.

In a very few minutes all the others of the party had run out from the house and were assembled on the lawn. As soon as ever Mr. Merriton understood the nature of the case, and the desirability that some one should, if possible, get to the top of the cliff, and attempt to descend thence to where the child

was, he started off to make his way to the place.

"Take the gardener with you, Arthur, to show you the path up the cliff, and the spot at the top from which you must try the descent," said little Miss Merriton, with quiet presence of mind. "And make him run his best. You can run well, Arthur."

And then, quietly stepping into the house, she called all the men-servants and maids, and set them to work to drag out feather-beds and mattresses, and spread them at the foot of the cliff.

"In case the poor little thing should fall, it might be the means of saving her," she said to Lady Farnleigh. "I fear she would not fall sufficiently clear of the rocks to escape fatal injury; but it is a chance the more in her favor."

While this was being done, Captain Ellingham and Mr. Mat were busily engaged in splicing together two long ladders, which had been brought out on to the lawn.

"Can you judge the height with your eye, captain?" said Mr. Mat; "do you think we have length of ladder enough?"

"It is very difficult to say. I don't know. We must try it. If I can only get to the lowest bushes, I'll answer for the rest."

"How can you possibly take the child off the cliff, when it will be as much as ever you can do to hold your own footing on it?" urged Mr. Mat.

"Only let me get at her; and I'll answer for the rest. I'll manage it, either upward or back by the ladders. Now for it, let's try the length!"

They raised the two ladders, tied together, with some difficulty, only to find that they were some ten or twelve feet too short for the purpose. The lowest of the bushes grew at least that distance above the topmost rung of the ladder; and the child was now about half as much, or perhaps rather more than half as much, as high again above the commencement of the growth of plants.

"I'll tell you what it is," said Ellingham; "there is but one thing for it. We must get the ladders up and stand them on the top of the old cloister wall!"

"I doubt it," said Mr. Mat; "I doubt our raising the ladder there; and if you do succeed in getting it on end, it will be no joke attempting to go up it."

"Not a bit of it, only let us get the ladders up! I'll go up them safe enough! I'm good at a balance," returned Ellingham.

"Well, we can but try," said Mr. Mat. So, aided by the servants, the two gentlemen essayed, and by dint of great exertion, succeeded in raising the ladders against the cliff from the top of the crumbling old wall. Mr. Mat placed himself on the arch at the foot of the ladder, in order to hold and steady it to the utmost of his power and strength. But the task of ascending the two ladders, hastily lashed together, raised against an uneven surface of bare rock, and standing on the top of a rotten and crumbling old wall, was not an agreeable one; and all the other individuals of the party assembled on the lawn looked on with breathless anxiety while Ellingham was about to attempt it.

All of them were there, with the exception of Frederick Falconer and Miss Margaret. For after Fred had declared, in reply to the appeal made to him for assistance, that he could not leave Margaret, and had pledged himself to that young lady herself not to "desert her," finding it unpleasant under the circumstances to remain under the observation of the people congregated on the lawn, specially of Lady Farnleigh and Mr. Mat, he had half carried half led the drooping and still hysterical girl into the drawing-room, and was there administering such bodily and mental consolation and comfort as her case required.

Ellingham was on the wall at the foot of the ladder, adjusting a coil of rope around his shoulders and neck in such a manner as to interfere as little as possible with his freedom of action, and was on the point of starting on his perilous enterprise, when the attention of those on the lawn was drawn to a movement among the bushes and brambles at the top of the cliff, just above the spot where the child was still clinging for dear life to the shrubs and crumbling soil, only a few feet above the commencement of the wholly naked part of the cliff. In the next minute it was evident to all of them that it was Kate Lindisfarn, who was about to attempt descending the cliff to the child by the same path by which the latter had reached her present position of danger; who *was* attempting it rather; for, without any hesitation or pause, she began descending among the bushes.

Yes, it was Kate sure enough! Her light-

blue silk dress was distinguishable enough, and was unmistakable.

"No, no! Back, go back!" screamed Lady Farnleigh with the utmost power of her voice, and striving to enforce her words by waving signals with her hands. But Kate paid no attention to the warning, if she heard or observed it.

"O God! she will be killed! she will be killed!" screamed Lady Farnleigh, in an agony of distress.

"Let her try it, God bless her!" cried Mr. Mat from the cloister wall, with much emotion; "Kate has a sure foot and a steady eye. She is Sillshire, Kate is!"

"Wait till I can join you, Miss Lindisfarn! Wait a moment!" shouted Captain Ellingham, as loud as he could. "Tell her," he added to those below, "for God's sake, to wait a minute till I can get to her!" and he hastened up the ladder.

Kate, however, either did not hear or did not pay any attention to any of the entreaties or warnings or advice screamed out to her, but continued her way down the cliff in a direct line to the spot where the little girl was clinging.

It thus became a sort of race which would reach the child first; and as Ellingham at the top of the ladder, and Kate descending the cliff, neared one another, they came within 'easy speaking distance of each other and of the object of their exertions.

The last step from the ladder to the face of the cliff was an exceedingly difficult one to make—was indeed more of the nature of a jump from the ladder into a bush, with the necessity of instantly on reaching it taking means with both hands and feet for retaining a position on the face of the cliff. None but a man of tried nerve, and sure of himself and of the perfection of the service he might expect at need from all his limbs, would have dreamed of attempting it. By none whatsoever could it be done without extreme danger. Kate had reached the spot where the child was, and had already clutched her arm with one hand while she held on to a bush above her with the other, before Ellingham had made this desperate jump; and she called to him not to attempt it.

"Don't risk it, Captain Ellingham, there is no need! I can get back with her to the top very well. It is all easy, after this first bit is passed. Go down the ladder, for Heav-

en's sake! and send somebody round to meet me at the top of the cliff."

"No, no! I can jump it! I can't let you risk clambering to the top without help. It is one thing to make your own way, and quite another to drag another person with you. Here goes!"—

"Oh, don't do it!" shrieked Kate, hiding her eyes with her hand. But in the next instant the spring had been made, and he was standing clinging to the bushes in comparative safety by her side. A shout from those on the lawn below, and a special hurrah from Mr. Mat, showed the interest with which Ellingham's progress had been watched. His success, moreover, besides securing his own safety, was a tolerably sufficient guarantee for that of Kate, and the child whose danger had caused so much trouble and distress; for it was pretty clear that the man who had accomplished the feat of activity that they had just witnessed, would not fail in the far easier task of assisting his two charges to the summit in safety.

And then, with very few words between them, save such as were needed for directing them to place a foot here, and grasp a twig there, and one or two little attempts on Kate's part at protesting against Ellingham's determination to place himself, as they struggled upward, between them and the precipice, so that he might have a chance of repairing the mishap of a slip of the foot, or the failure of a hand grasp, the three of them reached the top in safety.

Then, indeed, there were words to be said. There was the frightened child to be interrogated in the first place. It appeared that the case was exactly as Mr. Mat had guessed it. The pet lamb had straggled over the brow, gradually finding its way down the steep among the herbage; and the child had wandered after it, almost equally unconscious of the danger she was approaching, till the increasing steepness of the slope, and the crumbling of the soil under her feet, and the impossibility of retracing her steps, revealed it to her.

A few minutes after they had reached the top, Mr. Merriton, breathless, and the gardener came up. The former threw himself down on the ground as soon as he saw them; it was very evident that he had done his utmost to reach the spot in time.

"Oh, Miss Lindisfarn! What a relief it is

to see you in safety! Captain Ellingham, I congratulate you; but I cannot help envying you your good fortune!" he panted out.

And then they returned at their leisure to the Friary, taking the little girl with them as their prize and proof of their prowess.

And Kate admitted, in going down the steep path on the Silvertown side of the cliff to the water-meadows, that an arm would be acceptable to her; and the path was difficult enough to make her sensible that she had a very firm one supporting her, as they returned to the friends who were so anxiously awaiting them.

It is not necessary to set forth in detail how, during the rest of the afternoon, the adventure of the Cliff pushed the projected antiquarian investigations aside, somewhat to the disgust of the two seniors of the party,—how Kate and Captain Ellingham were (to speak in Twelfth-night phraseology) king and queen of the evening,—or how Margaret and Fred Falconer discreetly kept themselves as much as possible in the background, sufficiently consoled for that position by the fact of occupying it together.

It will be enough to state that, though Mr. Frederick was exceedingly well pleased to have made such progress, and so coupled himself with the Lindisfarn co-heiress as to make him feel tolerably sure in his enterprise, and though he was genuinely and honestly much attracted by the beauty which, during the little comedy of the afternoon, Margaret had submitted to his attention under a variety of interesting circumstances and combinations,—nevertheless, he was very sensible of the cost at which he had bought this success as regarded the heiress; and he was not pleased with her for having been the cause of his making but a sorry figure before the rest of the assembled party.

Might not he also, just as easily as Merriton, have run to the top of the cliff and played a creditable part, without troubling himself with the danger of descending it?

As for Captain Ellingham, it may be said that, before leaving the Friary, he had become entirely convinced that he was, or rather, had been, the goose which Lady Farnleigh had called him, and was very earnestly purposed to be so no more.

Kate for her part was somewhat silent and thoughtful as she returned in the carriage to the Chase; and part of her thoughts were that her godmamma had been well within the mark when she had characterized the Silvertown *arbitrarius elegantiarum* in a word of four letters. She began to fear indeed that it would need six; and one of them a double-u to do it rightly.

From The Saturday Review.

JEAMES IN EXCELSIS.

ALL people who are condemned by the circumstances of their lives to follow day after day a peculiar and narrow occupation, who are thrown inevitably into a clique or set of their own, and yet have some special aptitude or gift which makes them what they are and gives them a standing and distinction, are sure to form an ideal, and in some vague way to dream of what they and their fellows might be. Just as the savages picture a heaven where they will hunt and kill and ride, and desire to have their horses and spears buried with them, so people in civilized life have a dream of perfection in which they represent themselves, through the medium of an airy impersonation of their own peculiar excellence, as rising to the vision of a greatness that seems to belong to them and yet satisfies their highest aspirations. Even Jeames, we may suppose, has a vague notion of some arch-valet,—some being who is the Satan of flunkeys, and carries all the fine qualities of Jeames to their highest and absolute point of excellence. The flunkey world may be glad to learn that this singular being actually exists. There is a person, or gentleman, or whatever he ought to be called, who lives at Paris, and seems to us to be all that Jeames in his wildest dreams could imagine. That man and his calling are a real study, and the French deserve all the credit of having invented him. His vocation is this,—he is to be found at a great dressmaker's, and his duty is to look at the ladies when they try their things on, and give them the benefit of a masculine taste. He is a man who can tell them what men are likely to think of them, and they can thus rehearse the impressions their bonnets and dresses will make on their lovers or their husbands. They had long ago arrived at the art of dazzling, irritating, or satisfying their female friends, and they knew that when they were nicely dressed they were more charming to their male friends. But it was reserved for these later days to have a masculine world critical of the details of women's costume, and a machinery by which women can avert criticism by anticipating it. The gifted being can tell them what men will think impressive, enchanting, or a failure, what will be overlooked, however excellent it may be, what colors will best secure at-

tention, and what arrangement is likely to produce the most tender emotions. A lady comes before him with a new bonnet; he looks at her steadily, and then reveals to her all the secrets of that great mind of male observers at the contents of which she has hitherto only dimly guessed. Perhaps civilized life, with all its wonderful alteration of the position which in ruder times the two sexes occupied to each other, never produced anything much more wonderful than this glorified Jeames standing opposite a fine lady, and letting her know what the gentlemen of her circle will think of her new clothes.

The utmost propriety, however, is observed. The chiefs of the establishment give the most positive assurances to all their customers that the gifted being is warranted not to touch. He hovers about the fine ladies, and the emanations of his genius flow from his soul for their benefit; but he never puts his hands upon them. It is all a mere record of feeling. He reveals to them that such or such a bonnet, taken in connection with such or such a dress, when viewed at a given distance, awakens a particular set of emotions in the minds of men. They look into him as into a glass, and they see there themselves reflected, not as they are, but as men think they look. When this has been done in a satisfactory way, and the lady knows that she will please where she wishes to please most, the gifted being's sterner duty is done, and he quits business for pleasure.

It is now his delightful duty to do the honors of a light lunch, and to offer cake and wine to the lady whom he has criticised. Nor is there any false modesty to hinder her free acceptance; for he is a man who has been expressly engaged to stare at her, and to whose judicious staring she holds herself to be greatly indebted. All other forms in which Jeames appears sink into insignificance by the side of this princely flunkey. And the tribunals of his country show what they think of him, and a halo of glory is thrown over his position, even by the law itself. A French journalist not long ago took upon himself to make some critical observations on the nature and functions of this milliner's showman. He remarked that, so far as he could see, this splendid functionary and his luncheons could not be got for nothing, and that, as a matter of plain prosaic fact, the husbands ultimately

paid for him. This was not to be endured. Jeames was not to have the gilding stripped off him in this way. He brought an action against the rash libeller, and actually obtained a decision in his favor, and the legal authorities held that it was a calumny to say that he cost anything. The dresses sold at the establishment were not a bit dearer, according to this judgment, because the Satan of flunkeys was hired to comment on them. He was a pure heaven given extra, beaming on the ladies, guiding, fascinating, and feeding them, without any one having a right to suppose for a moment that he was paid for. Surely, this is a position to which our own native Jeames never aspired, but which, if he will reflect on it, will satisfy his utmost aspirations. To be always in attendance on the grandest and smartest ladies, to be engaged to stare at them, to be expressly retained to make remarks on them, to compliment them and flatter them, to reveal to them the future sentiments of lovers and husbands, to see them looking their best before any other male eye has enjoyed the spectacle, and then to be protected by the laws of the land from having it said that all this magnificent smirking must somehow be paid for, is surely a lot as much beyond the dreams of the Bath Swarthy as the hours of a Mahometan's paradise are beyond the women he can find in his native town.

This arch flunkey embodies very neatly many of the ultimate consequences to which civilization is leading us. In the old days of French society, some one is said to have asked a lady whether she did not feel shy at having her breakfast brought to her, when she was in her night costume, by a footman. She laughed at the notion, and protested she could not understand feeling shy at the presence of a creature so ineffably beneath her that a brute animal would have been as dangerous to her virtue. Times are changed now, and flunkeys have risen in the world since then. Jeames, looked on as an ass or a horse bringing in, like a good useful beast of burden, the chocolate or coffee of the great lady, was a very rudimentary type of the gifted being who is certainly warranted not to touch, but who exercises almost every other kind of familiarity toward the gayest and richest and most fashionable ladies of Paris. It is the tendency of modern society to bring different classes into relations of

great familiarity towards each other, although the endeavor is made, and generally with success, to create some barrier by which a feeling of separation may be maintained. The ladies who try on their dresses before a paid male admirer, who look into his expressive countenance, or treasure up his suggestive words, in order that they may know how the men of their own set will like them, and who learn the tastes of gentlemen from the experiences of a flunkey, enter into a region of familiarity which a marchioness even of the days of the Regency would have thought odiously improper. But then the gifted being is warranted to keep his hands off them, and this restores to them the hope or the consciousness that they are still modest. This mental familiarity under the shelter of a slight physical safeguard belongs to an age when practice has taught how infinite are the pleasures which ingenuity can devise without actual loss of reputation. On the other hand, if the ladies may see in this glorified Jeames a living illustration of the extent to which they are now mixed up with persons from whom their grandmothers would have recoiled, they may also see in him a conspicuous victim of that vengeance which, in civilized days, balances the wrongs inflicted by one sex on the other. The number of women sacrificed in one form or other by the astounding luxury and recklessness of Paris must sometimes draw forth a sigh even from the unreflecting breasts of women with a beautiful new dress on. They must shudder at the thought of all that civilized man inflicts on civilized woman, and of the extreme eagerness with which civilized woman meets her fate. But at this repository of taste and extravagance there is at least one glaring instance to be found of the degradation to which civilized woman can reduce man. This arch flunkey was by nature constituted like other men. He might have been honest, dignified, and self-respecting. He might have been a soldier, or a navvy, or a *sous-prefet*. But the grasp of society seized him and turned him to the use of fine ladies. He has been taught to smirk, and make artistic remarks, and hand wine with a graceful bow, in order that women may by his aid be more successful in their endeavors to please those whom they wish to attract. And in all probability the poor wretch, like other victims of gay society, hugs his chains and thinks himself one of the finest and noblest and happiest of

men. He is sure he is *in excelsis*, and forgets he is Jeames. Probably there are few persons in Paris more satisfied with their position, and to have got a man to have such an opinion of such a vocation is no slight revenge for that degradation at the hands of men which women have to deplore.

From The Saturday Review.

JILTING.

So long as there is love-making in the world and engagements and talk of weddings and young folks' happy prospects, so long will one shadow haunt these felicities, and experience have its moments of misgiving; so long will society have to report from time to time of sudden changes, broken promises, feelings outraged, and hopes blighted in their pride of bloom. Whenever happiness depends on the consent of two, one may fail; and whatever is possible to human weakness and error will certainly now and then be done. No circle, therefore, is ever long without its interesting case of jilting, whether arousing indignant sympathy or giving play to that refining casuistry which is a feature of our day. But to us it seems that the question, as a question, is particularly prominent just now, possibly from the discussions following a celebrated criminal trial, and also from the use made of it by a popular novelist, to stimulate the curiosity and interest of his readers. The term which we have been forced to adopt was probably devised when constancy was a more unquestioned virtue than it is with us;—when people were not so much in the habit of analyzing their natures, and feelings were supposed to be under absolute moral control; and thus a certain act cannot be expressed summarily without giving it a vulgar name, and so committing the speaker to an adverse judgment. And yet jilting is rarely so simple a business but that something, and generally a great deal, may be said for it, and especially where the perpetrator is a lady. In fact, it is not only that the term itself is feminine, but we believe the act, in its proper typical significance, is feminine also,—where, that is, it results from actual change of mind. Men commit breaches of faith quite as often as women; but when they do so, it is almost

always from deliberate self-interest, not from any startling change in their feelings. Crosbie, who creditably represents the male jilt, is in a way constant to Lily. His affections were not the things that swerved or changed owners; they simply interfered with his prospects. This was the scrape he found himself in, and he thought he knew his way out of it. A real change of feeling, the act of breaking an engagement at the last, simply because the person with whom it was contracted has become distasteful and caprice turns love into loathing, is a woman's act, and this is the conduct that admits of two sides in social discussion. There are plenty of men ready to follow Crosbie's example, plenty of other men to take for granted, in their own minds or amongst men of the world, that there was nothing else to be done; but the tongue does not run on this theme; in fact, it is one of the things to be done—taken for granted—not talked of. But all the refinements of sentiment, all the subtleties of conflicting duties, all the mazes of feeling may be found entangled and complicated in a case of ladylike jilting, where the rules of good breeding have been observed with discriminating delicacy, and an array of heart-rending scruples pleaded in extenuation. What, it is boldly asked, is a woman to do under such circumstances? and the reply is not so easy to find as the indignant side imagine.

Take the ordinary case. A young man and woman meet, are mutually attracted, go through a course of flirtation, ripening into courtship on his side, and resulting in eager, happy acceptance on hers. Amidst the gratulations of friends, and the jubilation of the contracting parties, who enjoy the celebrity and glory of their position, the affair progresses, and the day nears which is to make him "the happiest of men." The lady, in the delicious excitement of her *trousseau*, suffers feeling to sleep, till suddenly she discovers a change in herself. Her William is no longer all-in-all to her; she wakes to his faults; finds him tiresome, vapid, finally intolerable. William is, in fact, just what he always was—his good and bad very much on the surface, his little awkwardnesses always patent to his friends, but a good honest fellow, with a heart only too much in the affair for the success of his hopes. It is she who sees him with different eyes,—eyes which exaggerate every defect till life looks hideous under

the prospect of his inseparable company. To people not in love, and alive to the irksomeness of uncongenial society, life-long companionship with anybody to whom they are not used is an alarming if not repulsive idea. Those who reason from what they know in themselves, not upon general principles, and who happen always to have felt constancy in the abstract something of a puzzle, sympathize with a hapless girl entangled in a horrible mesh of promises not in her power to perform. They think her recoil from William not unnatural, and begin to wonder that these things do not happen oftener. Thus, in every affair of this sort where the lady has done nothing flagrant to aggravate her case, there will be strong differences of opinion, and there will be persons to constitute themselves respectively counsel for the prosecution and the defence. The simple people who think a promise binding and constancy a virtue, and a very easy virtue too, are on the lover's side. They realize what must be the supreme bitterness of that moment,—made up of rage, grief, bewilderment, shame, blank void,—when a man, having garnered up his hopes on some fair one, has his heart returned upon his hands; when, having believed himself first in her affections, he finds himself nothing,—not only not beloved, but repugnant. No, they cannot forgive a woman who can inflict upon the man who loves her, and whom she has once loved, such complicated and humiliating torment. The lady's advocates, on the other hand, assert that constancy is not an affair of the will; that the fault lies with destiny, or with William himself, who does not stand the test of close intimacy. And then comes the question, what is a woman to do when she finds the prospect of a union with him unsupportable? True, she has promised; but is there not a more binding promise beyond, which she could not undertake without conscious falsehood and hypocrisy? Would it not be a greater wrong, even to him, to marry than to break away while there is yet time? The power to answer this question does not really influence our right of censure; but it is put as though the whole point turned upon it. In fact, nobody is in a condition to answer the yes or the no except the lady herself and her closest intimates; for it hangs on something of which the outside world cannot be the judge, which yet has a right to be angry when it sees an

honest attachment brought to grief. Only, if the lady can prove herself in the right in breaking her engagement, our blame ought to be of a severer sort than if the decision of conscience is that she ought to have gone through with the thing at any cost to herself. It all depends on whether she ever cared for him in the way her words and actions gave him to understand she did. If she did, if there has been one spark of real love in the business, she should have swallowed her scruples and all would have come right; and so she will discover when too late. There are some forms of caprice and change of mind we can pity. There is in the feminine organization a tendency to sudden misgivings and disgusts, the offspring of nerves rather than feeling, and akin to the spleen and vapors which in old times were such acknowledged sources of inconvenience and perplexity to mankind. What so natural as that this should clash now and then with that other characteristic of seeing things, not with the eye of reason, but of imagination,—that proneness to illusion without which perhaps it is impossible ever to be properly in love at all, and which sets off her lover in a glow of colors certainly not all his own? Is it strange that the veil should flutter aside now and then, that her constitutional fastidiousness should betray her into some vagaries? Nature and society conspire to make her look forward to marriage as her calling; but there is another side. Something never fairly considered before has to be sacrificed to bring about this consummation. It is no wonder if the prize, when fairly within reach, should lose its prestige at odd moments; and, if the influence of the hour is allowed its way, it precipitates her into the act of jilting. She shows herself capricious and changeable; we can boldly pronounce her wrong, and at the same time unhappy in her error; for we know that habit, duty, and the sense of the inevitable would soon have established her in the first favorable way of thinking.

But what if she has *never* cared for him? What if, from the first, her course has been one of simple selfishness, of which this is the natural *dénouement*? What if all along her aim has been to make him wish to marry *her*, without concerning herself with results? What if the desire to attract has blinded her to the nature of her own feelings precisely at the time when they would have been her best guides? In most cases of the kind it is

no want of charity to believe that this final act has been held in reserve, though perhaps only with a semi-consciousness, from the first. In this case she is quite right in having recourse to it; but she can only be right now at the cost of having been wrong all along,—wrong in altogether a deeper, more pervading sense than her weaker but sincerer sister in error. Both are selfish, both have failed to recognize a paramount claim upon them; but in one case it is an isolated act, in the other a course of action. We can only argue on simple cases. We know that in actual life they are complicated by a thousand intricacies, demanding the nicest casuistry. No woman is bound to marry a man simply because she has promised him, if he reveals qualities dangerous or incompatible with domestic comfort. The man who has it in him to cut her throat if thwarted may fairly be broken with; though this is a judgment which has found not a few impugnors in late discussions on the subject, as though some power of self-control were no essential and integral part of a man who pretends to a place in human society, and would attach other destinies to his own. Let us finally observe of the jilt proper and unmitigated that, whatever her profession of regret at giving pain, she would not be pleased—would even feel defrauded of her due—if her victim did not suffer a considerable intensity of disappointment, and if this did not extend over a long period, and affect his whole life. It is never pleasant to her to hear of his “getting over it,” and marrying somebody prettier, richer, and more devoted than herself. The news gives her a sense of jealous ill-usage, which exhales in pique and disparagement.

And in this temper we see the essential difference between masculine and feminine heart-treacheries. The man who jilts most commonly does it for some substantial advantage, not often from simple vanity or whim. The lady probably wants feeling; but she has not necessarily been prompted by mere vulgar self-interest. She has thought only of herself; but that self need not be the outside self that dresses fine and fares sumptuously. The man has all along better known his own mind. Through all its changes he has had a consistent notion of doing the best for himself,—a consideration to which the woman's craving for conquest has possibly blinded her. Hence the false lover's course has been a more

comprehensible and reasonable affair than the flirt's, and his delinquency more reducible to a pecuniary standard, and appraisable by a jury. In one obvious respect, besides the deeper social injury, his sin is beyond comparison the greater, as being more gratuitous. He has had the power of selection and time to deliberate; with the lady it is now or never, and she may be surprised and flattered into a consent immediately repented of. But, on the other hand, the man has one temptation to treachery in a far greater degree than comes to women. He is tried by change,—change of place, of circumstances, of station in life, all bringing an army of opposing influences of which few people know the force till they are tried. Thus a man engages himself with many a vow of eternal fidelity, and emigrates to the colonies. It may require an exceptional constancy to keep his word at the antipodes, where life, perhaps, alternates between absolute solitude or, when he comes upon female society, an easy intimacy of intercourse to which our manners offer no parallel.

The officer at country quarters used to be the typical inconstant and breaker of hearts,—the man “who loves and rides away.” We are not sure that we may not now divide this evil fame with the curates, and for the same reason,—the trial brought about by change. One consequence of admitting a different social class into the Church will be a countless number of breaches of promise. It is so already. A young man—and these ambitious young fellows are all in a hurry to begin life—engages himself to a pretty girl of his own class. Something puts it into his head to enter the Church, to which there are so many side entrances in these days. His *fiancée*, between pride in him and the prospect of personal advancement, is delighted. He scrambles into some miserable smattering of learning, and is ordained to a curacy. Here somebody asks him to dinner or to tea. For the first time in his life he finds himself in a drawing-room, and sees ladies in company array. Shy, awkward, and loutish as he seems, his spirit is all agog; a new world opens to him; he perceives at once that he has thrown himself away. Nothing seems impossible to a man who has begun a career, and cast off something of his old slough; it is the season for the very intoxication of vanity. His first love is despised in his eyes; she is a hindrance

and a stumbling-block ; but for her, he might make some great match. In this temper he can easily find some adviser to press on him the duty of not making a fool of himself, and the rest follows as a matter of course. But independently of obvious temptations of this sort, and where there is no social advancement or novelty of scene to account for them, there has always been an especially clerical form of jilting. The fact is that honor and simple good faith—virtues of natural religion—are the real guardians of constancy ; and where nature and conscience teach us our duties with sufficient clearness, men have no right whatever to turn their backs upon these counsellors, under the pretence of seeking a higher guidance. Revelation was given to supplement, not to supersede. But certainly the world has all along allowed to religious teachers a wide license in this particular. A man's usefulness, or a higher vocation, has been pleaded as justification in cases where simple laymen would have met with hard measure, and has even gained him credit as evidence of self-denial. It was a very extreme case where mediæval saints left their wives to shut themselves up in monasteries ; but all orders and sects have their instances where the tie, if not of marriage, yet of solemn betrothal, has been held light in comparison of more spiritual duties ; and nobody has thought much of all the grief and desolation incident to the suffering and passive victims in these boasted sacrifices. This is the weak side of real enthusiasm ; for we are not speaking solely of cases where it is used as a specious veil.

The treachery under discussion increases

so much with the social standing of the actors, and with their opportunities for refinement, that our judgment must be guided by these considerations. In the uneducated classes, where there is little delicacy of manners or nicety of discrimination,—where, as it seems, one companion does very nearly as well as another, and a lost love can be replaced by another, at the shortest notice,—the grave sin of jilting must dwindle into a peccadillo. The less subtle the link that binds, the slighter the obligation. Of course it is quite possible for our housemaid to be jilted in as crushing and blighting a sense as our daughter or sister ; but experience teaches us that our sympathy may safely wait for facts before it overflows in the same measure. There are some loves, in all classes, of as low an organization as certain forms of animal life. Cut them in two, with however effectual a snap of the shears, and new tails and budding horns presently assure us of the vitality of the severed members ; or, in other words, there will simply be two couples where before there was one. Nobody really jilts another, in any harsh sense of the word, who does not sin against the respectable public opinion of his class ; but, on the other hand, that society must be in an elementary or demoralized condition where this rudest form of inconstancy is not regarded as a grave offence, not only to the individual sufferer, but to the circle in which it has been committed, as a breach of public duty, as inflicting a wound on that pure and simple good faith which is the foundation of all social credit and honor.

A FAMOUS mediæval astronomical clock, one of the richest and most elaborate extant, described in Du Sommerard's book on "The Art of the Middle Ages," has been purchased by Baron Rothschild, in Paris, for the sum of 25,500 francs. It formerly belonged to the collection of Michelin of Provins.—*Reader*.

THE long-promised English edition of the "Poems of Mr. Mackworth Praed," is announced for publication by Messrs. Moxon & Co.

next month. Two editions have already been exhausted in America, but they contained several poems which were not written by Praed. A memoir by the Rev. Derwent Coleridge is prefixed to the volume.—*London Review*.

ARTIFICIAL STONE.—A Frenchman has patented an invention for pulverizing the refuse of slate, and mixing with it some substance to produce an artificial material applicable to the purposes of some of the best kinds of slates.

From "Kilmahoe. A Highland Pastoral;" with
other poems. By John Campbell Shairp.

PAUL JONES.

Through the gray summer dawn up the shores
the cry hath gone,—

"Paul Jones comes, yonder is his sail;"
And startled mothers pressed their babies to their
breast,
And the manliest cheeks turned to pale.

With the sou'-west blowing strong, he hath wrestled
all night long

And the breakers roaring white upon his lee,
Now with flow of morning tide from the Atlantic
wide

He is setting for our inland sea.

As from mountain-tops amain stoops the eagle to
the plain,

See, with every stitch of sail unfurled,
He sweeps past Ailsa Craig with the sable pirate
flag

Bearing death, from the western world.

Sheer on—he is bearing down on the little har-
bortown,

That crouched in its sheltered bay doth lie;
Will he try if the roof of Kilmahoe be proof
To his guns, as he sweepeth by?

Yet what seeks he here? Is his tackle out of
gear?

Is he tempest-maimed, mast or yard?

What can our small port give, where only poor
men live,

To fix this cruel man's regard?

Like men of reason reft, the fisher folk have left
Their boats and their nets to the waves,

And are up wi' wives and bairns among the
mountain cairns,

The corries and dank dripping caves.

And all the harbor bay is tumult and deray,

Men and women hurrying here and there;
Some to cellars underground, and some have
refuge found,

High aloof on the uplands bare.

Yon veterans on the steep, by the ruined castle-
keep,

With their rusty guns how crouselly they crawl!
"Let the pirate show his beak this side the island
peak,

How his Yankee kaim we will claw!"

But at bonny Kilmahoe, will they stay? will they
go?

What is doing at the old farm town?

Men stand agape and stare, lasses skirl and rive
their hair,

That's what they're doing, lass and loon.

But the lone lady fair, with braided silver hair,
Down has steppit, when she heard the din,

"Do ye think that ye will flout, wi' your sense-
less roar and rout,
Paul Jones from his entering in?

"'Twere better, lads, belyve, that ye should rise
and drive

The kye and calves to the burnie cleuch;
And, lasses, screech na here, but haste and hide
our gear,
In the house, atweel, there is wark enuch."

Then up the stair she stept to where her bairnies
slept

In an upper chamber ben.

"Now, Flory! haste thee, flee, wi' my bonnie
bairnies three.

To the hills frae thae rover men.

There tide what may, they'll be safe a' day
I' the how o' the bracken glen."

Up the long broomy loan, wi' mickle dool and
moan,

And out upon the hillside track,
Nurse Flory forward bent, crooning as she went,
With the wee bairn clinging on her back.

But Moira hand in hand with Marion forward
ran,

Nor dool nor any care had they,
But they chased the heather bee, and they sang
aloud for glee,
As they hied up the mountain way.

When the hill-top they had clomb, one glance
back to their home,

And awesome was the sight that they saw;
Close in shore the pirate bark on the bright sea
looming dark:

On their little hearts fell fear and awe.

One quick glance at the ship, and o'er the edge
they dip,

And down to the long glen run;
Where the burnie gleams between its braes o'
bracken green,
And one lone sheiling reeks i' the sun.

But down at Kilmahoe all was hurrying to and
fro,

And stowing away of the gear,
And the lady's self bare forth the things of
choicest worth,
The heirlooms that her husband held dear.

And she dug for them a tomb beneath the snowy
bloom

Of the old pear-tree's hugest arm,
As though that giant of his race, the patriarch
of the place,

By power of immemorial charm,
Girt the whole orchard ground, with a magic
safety round,
And screened all within from harm.

"What can be done is done, weel ye've borne
your part, each one;"—
To her elder daughters twain spake she,—

"Now ye maun climb outright to Crochnachaor-
ach height,
And see what the end will be.
For me, I will abide my guile auld house beside,
While my house bides by me."

From that knowe in long suspense, with eager
eyes intense,

They watch the dark hull heave to and fro,
As if through the harbor mouth, that opens on
the south,

She would go, and yet would not go,
O'er her purpose pausing, like a falcon poised to
strike,

Yet hovering ere he stoop below.

But the breeze sprung up off shore, and round
the great ship wore,

With her head to the Atlantic main,
As the falcon down the wind sudden wheels, and
far behind,

Leaves his quarry, to return no more again.

From many a hidden nook, from many a high
outlook,

Straining eyes westward long were bent
On the dim tower of sail, with the evening fad-
ing pale,

Where the ocean with the heaven was blent.

Let them gaze, there is one cannot gaze till all be
done,

She hath taken all unseen her way,
The lady, through the still of the twilight up the
hill,

Where her heart hath been yearning all the
day.

And there, out owre the knowes, hair streamed
back from her brows,

And the mountain flush bright upon her cheek,
Came Moira, and her face plunged deep in that
embrace—

And then Marion, too full at heart to speak.

Last of all, the lady pressed her wee bairn to her
breast,

And their hearts of joy had their fill ;
As the covey to the call of moor-ben meets at fall
Of gloamin', when the fowler leaves the hill.

Forth at morn they went and weeped, and joy at
eve they reaped,

Yea, the day's pain, if tenfold more,
In the meeting of the night had found harvest of
delight,

That repaid it o'er and o'er.

They who then were little ones, of the coming of
Paul Jones,

And the fray of that affrighted morn,
Shall tell, as gray-haired dames, by yet unlit
ingle flames,

To children that are yet to be born.

But what strange impulse bore to this secluded
shore

That bark, none ever will make plain ;

Nor what sudden fear had sway to waft him west
away

Back to night and the Atlantic main.

We have quoted the above, not because it
will do justice to the author's powers or his
feeling for Scottish ballad poetry, but possi-
bly because it seems so odd to think that
there are people yet living on our coasts who
have had to bury their household gods and
escape inland, as the ominous pirate's flag
floated, and his sails hovered along shore.—
Athenæum.

HEREAFTER.

The gold and rose of the resplendent West
Toned into gray ; and in the twilight stirred
With whispering sob the birchies ; from the copse
Rang the clear mellow notes of Eve's own bird,

Wakening an echo in my pulse and brain,
As sweet and favorite music hath the power
To wake the slumbering memories of our souls,
And paint our past lives in the present hour.

Above the hills uprose a little lamp,
A white thread woven in the black robe of
night ;
A gold star nursed in the blue lap of heaven,
Whose soft ray shed upon me its pure light.

There was a time—not far, yet 'tis an age—
When the Past was my Present ; and I dreamed
What now it recks not, yet would dream again,
So real to me that tender vision seemed.

From out the wreck of these my scattered hopes,
Ariseth upward through a surging sea
Of midway troubles, that bright distant star,
And sets a light betwixt Despair and me.

The yellow sands stretch o'er the curvèd bay
In broad expanse, what time the spring-tides
fall

Below the weed-grown rocks, till the slow sea
Turns from its ebb again, and covereth all.

So spread before us lie the things of Earth,
Wherein we catch a glimpse of the sublime ;
Anon the tide of working-life flows on,
And all is merged in the sea of Time.

In "The Hereafter" shall these things be plain ?
Who knows? It is not given to us to tell ;
Short-sighted that we are, we seek to raise
The veil, and cannot,—yet it is as well !

ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

—*Fraser's Magazine.*